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HEN(DRICKS)-PECKED.

MRS. TILDEN. "Nurse the Baby, while I stir up the Fire."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

FOR THE

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

AND

THE CENTENNIAL.

JULY 1 to NOVEMBER 11, inclusive, 20 WEEKS, FOR $1 50.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 5, 1876.

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PARTY UNITY.

A careful study of the Democratic speeches and newspapers thus far in the canvass shows that the whole force of their argument lies in the assertion that while Governor Hayes is undoubtedly an honorable man, without a doubtful or suspicious point in his "record," yet that he must, as President, depend upon the Republican party, and that the very demand of reform proceeding from that party proves its incompetency. In a word, the only hope of "reform" lies in change, and change is possible only with the restoration of the Democratic party. There is some apparent reason in this statement, but it is apparent only because of an evident fallacy. It seems, however, almost conclusive to many persons. This is a party government, they say, and what can you do when one party fails but put in the other? Now if a party were a unit in the sense that such an argument implies, the argument would be sound. But it is not a unit. How far from it is seen in the situation of the Democratic party itself. In order to have any chance of success whatever, the party Convention selects two candidates who represent exactly opposing financial principles and policies. Mr. Nast's picture of the tiger with a head at each end, and of course going nowhere, is a true picture of the absurdity of the Democratic nominations.

Now the reason that the party is justly represented in the picture is that it is not a unit. Upon a vital and fundamental question it is divided. There are hard-money Democrats and soft-money Democrats, and should the Democratic party come into power, its financial policy would be what its demand of the repeal of the resumption clause is said to be—a compromise. That is to say, as a party it has no common financial principle or policy whatever. How, then, would "a change" give us "reform" in the currency, or any kind of financial reform? Take another instance. On the late Centennial Fourth of July the American flag was insulted by Democrats in Missouri and Kentucky, who preferred the flag of secession and rebellion. In other States, again, Democrats united heartily with Republicans in honoring the flag. What is the explanation? It is simply that the Democratic party is not a unit in patriotic feeling. It was divided into three parts during the war: war Democrats, who are now generally Republicans; Copperhead Democrats, like Mr. Tilden, Mr. Seymour, Vallandigham, and Fernando Wood; and rebels, like Davis, Toombs, Benjamin, Slidell, Mason, and the rest. It now comprises all those in the Southern States who compose the Ku-Klux Klans and White Leagues, men like Butler and his confederates, who massacred the black militia at Hamburg, South Carolina, the other day, the whole mass of those who secretly hate the Union, and are resolved that the colored people shall be "put down," and together with these all in the Northern States, like Mr. Tilden and Mr. Bayard, who now acquiesce and wish by-gones to be by-gones. The Democratic party is no more a unit in its patriotic feeling, its respect for the flag, and its regard for constitutional equal rights than it is for hard money or a sound financial policy. The only point upon which the party seems to be most nearly united is hostility to administrative reform, the evidence of which is found in the action of the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, and in the States in which it has had power. So resolute is this hostility that in the State of New York, where Governor Tilden has pursued the canal contractors, the party has split upon the question, and he has been most bitterly opposed by the most conspicuous party leaders.

These illustrations show, what is so often forgotten, that a political party in this country is not a unit in the sense of uniformity of conviction and purpose. Reasoning based upon that assumption must therefore be largely fallacious. The only sound basis is the general drift and spirit of a party, and these are to be gathered only from careful observation and comparison. For instance, at this moment every intelligent student of public affairs knows that nothing would be more preposterous than the assertion that the Republican party is responsible for recent acts of the President. It may, indeed, be said that he is the Executive chosen by the party, and that it must bear the penalty of his misconduct. But that argument would have held the party for the performances of Andrew Johnson. The party itself has just declared in favor of the course of officers whom the President has since dismissed, and it has proclaimed as its guides principles which the President disregards. This is known to be the result of a contest which has long been waged within the party, and in which the reform element, as it is called, has been victorious. To hold the Republican party as a whole responsible for the things which it has censured and proposes to change, is practically absurd. To say, therefore, that Governor Hayes, however honest a reformer, can not reform, because he must depend upon the party, is equally absurd, because that party has just shown that its reformers are in the ascendant.

If it be said that the same reasoning applies to the Democratic party, we merely arrive again at the conclusion we have already stated, and it is that upon which the result of the campaign depends, namely, that the character, antecedents, principles, intelligence, patriotism, and present attitude of the Republican party, with the frank, sagacious, and courageous letter of its Presidential candidate announcing a policy which his career and the character of his chosen advisers prove that he will enforce, offer by far the surest guarantee to the country of a swift return to hard money, thorough administrative reform, and just and efficient constitutional protection of equal rights every where in the land.

It is to that point that the Democratic argument must be held, because there it utterly fails. If Governor Hayes must depend upon his party, not less must Governor Tilden upon his; and what possible evidence has been or can be presented to show that the reform element is either actually or probably stronger in the Democratic than in the Republican organization? So far as administrative reform, or sound financial doctrine, or respect for equal rights under the Constitution is concerned, we challenge a comparison. The one solitary point that the Democrats can make is Governor Tilden's nomination. But against that there is the nomination of Governor Hayes by the cooperation of the Bristow Republicans, Bristow's instant and unreserved support of him, the wise, patriotic, and unequivocal declaration of Governor Hayes, and the universal, joyful consciousness, not to be denied nor concealed, upon the part of the great mass of loyal American citizens, who were sincerely reluctant to take the desperate step of seeking reform by calling Copperheads and late Confederates to the control of the government, that no such necessity exists, and that those who saved the government are anxious and resolved to purify and strengthen it.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CABINET.

The peremptory removal of the Postmaster-General without a word of explanation, and without the suspicion of any kind of misconduct or even of personal alienation from the President, is an insult to the country which he served efficiently, and to the party which elected the President. It is another illustration of General Grant's inability to understand that the Presidency is not a personal perquisite, but a great public trust. The method of the dismissal of Mr. Jewell assumes that a member of the President's cabinet is a kind of body-servant or groom, whom his master may dismiss upon the spot, and without reason rendered. The members of the cabinet are, indeed, nominated at the President's sole pleasure, and the Senate confirms as of course. But under our form of government there are moral conditions in the relation, implied if not expressed, which can not properly be disregarded. This is not an autocracy of any kind, but a government of the people, divided into parties. When a President is elected by one of the parties, that is, by a majority of the people preferring or acquiescing in a certain policy, he is bound to consider the terms of the trust, which are that he shall do what he can to promote that policy. That principle is to govern him in appointing the high political officers of administration, including the heads of departments. They are not to be boon companions whom he may personally like, but the necessity and reason of the case require that they shall be men publicly known to be friends of the general policy which the people have approved. "Should the gentlemen," wrote Jefferson after his probable election to the Presidency, and upon this very subject of cabinet appointments—"should the gentlemen who possess the public confidence decline taking part in their affairs, and force us to take persons unknown to the people, the evil genius of this country may realize his avowal that he will beat down the Administration." With this primary condition, integrity, ability, efficiency, are, of course, to be expected; and the nature of the relation with the chief executive officer is such that the members of the cabinet must be upon pleasant personal terms with him.

The President must decide when the relation should end, unless the Secretary voluntarily resigns. But it ought never to end for any reason that can not be stated to the country. General Jackson, indeed, turned out several of his first cabinet because the members' wives would not visit Mrs. Eaton. But Jackson was an ignorant, arrogant, and passionate man, who had no comprehension of the real character of the government or of official propriety. Nor was the dismissal of M'Henry and of Timothy Pickering by John Adams in any sense whimsical or inexplicable. But the sudden and peremptory dismissal of a cabinet officer against whom no kind of misconduct or inefficiency is alleged, and who to the very moment of his removal had been upon the most friendly personal terms with the President, and dismissed without a word of explanation except that it is the will of the President, is a degradation both of the Presidency and of the cabinet. It exposes the officer so removed to the most injurious suspicion, and it convicts the Executive of a disposition wholly unbecoming the Chief Magistrate. What self-respecting gentleman would consent to take an office, however apparently elevated and honorable, if he knew that he was liable to be dismissed without alleged reason or warning?

The President, after all the revelations at St. Louis, received General Babcock as his private secretary until he was criminally indicted, and it is not known that he has yet dismissed him; he parted with Mr. Belknap with a note of regret; with Mr. Delano with a letter of sympathy; he nominated Mr. Shepherd to be Commissioner of the District of Columbia just after Congress had abolished the government of the District to get rid of him, and Mr. Fisher to a judicial post after the complicity of his office with the safe-burglary conspiracy. But he permits Mr. Bristow to leave the cabinet without a word, and immediately turns out the most efficient of his subordinates in the prosecution of public frauds; dismisses without explanation the Postmaster-General, who, by common consent, is the best officer the country has had in that place for many a year; and compels the resignation of Mr. Commissioner Pratt of the internal revenue, because of his approval of tried and thoroughly efficient subordinates. And all this is done on the eve of an election in which the Republican party has approved the policy of these very officers, and has engaged to administer the government in their spirit. The President by his own action places himself under the pointed censure of the party that elected him, and his conduct, therefore, can not be honestly assumed to be that of the party. It is with sincere regret that we say it. Instead of loyally co-operating with the general spirit and policy declared at the late Convention, his action apparently shows that he has fallen under those malign influences which have already sorely imperiled the Republican party, and which are compelling those who would gratefully remember him to fix their eyes exclusively upon his military career.

A NATIONAL DISGRACE.

The fate of the brave and gallant Custer has deeply touched the public heart, which sees only a fearless soldier leading a charge against an ambushed foe, and falling at the head of his men and in the thick of the fray. A monument is proposed, and subscriptions have been made. But a truer monument, more enduring than brass or marble, would be an Indian policy intelligent, moral, and efficient. Custer would not have fallen in vain if such a policy should be the result of his death. It is a permanent accusation of our humanity and ability that over the Canadian line the relations between Indians and whites are so tranquil, while upon our side they are summed up in perpetual treachery, waste, and war. When he was a young lieutenant on the frontier, General Grant saw this,

and, watching attentively, he came to the conclusion that the reason of the difference was that the English respected the rights of the Indians and kept faith with them, while we make solemn treaties with them as if they were civilized and powerful nations, and then practically regard them as vermin to be exterminated. The folly of making treaties with the Indian tribes may be as great as treating with a herd of buffaloes. But the infamy of violating treaties when we have made them is undeniable, and we are guilty both of the folly and the infamy.

We make treaties—that is, we pledge our faith—and then leave swindlers and knaves of all kinds to execute them. We maintain and breed pauper colonies. The savages, who know us, and who will neither be pauperized nor trust our word, we pursue, and slay if we can, at an incredible expense. The flower of our young officers is lost in inglorious forays, and one of the intelligent students of the whole subject rises in Congress and says, "The fact is that these Indians, with whom we have made a solemn treaty that their territory should not be invaded, and that they should receive supplies upon their reservations, have seen from one thousand to fifteen hundred miners during the present season entering and occupying their territory, while the Indians, owing to the failure of this and the last Congress to make adequate appropriations for their subsistence, instead of being fattened, as the gentleman says, by the support of this government, have simply been starved." The Red Cloud investigation of last year, however inadequate, sufficed to show the practice under our Indian policy, and we regretted then that ex-Governor BULLOCK, of Massachusetts, declined the appointment upon the commission, because there was evidently the opportunity of an exhaustive report upon the whole subject, which would have commanded the attention of the country, and would sooner or later have led to some decisive action.

It is plain that so long as we undertake to support the Indians as paupers, and then fail to supply the food; to respect their rights to reservations, and then permit the reservations to be overrun; to give them the best weapons and ammunition, and then furnish the pretense of their using them against us; to treat with them as men, and then hunt them like skunks—so long we shall have the most costly and bloody Indian wars, and the most tragical ambuscades, slaughters, and assassinations. The Indian is undoubtedly a savage, and a savage greatly spoiled by the kind of contact with civilization which he gets at the West. There is no romance, there is generally no interest whatever, in him or his fate. But there should be some interest in our own good faith and humanity, in the lives of our soldiers and frontier settlers, and in the taxation to support our Indian policy. All this should certainly be enough to arouse a public demand for a thorough consideration of the subject, and the adoption of a system which should neither be puerile nor disgraceful, and which would tend to spare us the constant repetition of such sorrowful events as the slaughter of CUSTER and his brave men.

TAKE CARE OF THE PRIMARIES.

THE New York Republican primaries will soon be held, and it is in them that the question of the State ticket, which will virtually influence the result of the national election, will be decided. It is in the primaries that those who wish to continue the work of the Cincinnati Convention must begin their practical labors. The national nominations of the Republicans and the letter of Governor HAYES have shown the precise Republican position upon the great issues of the campaign, and that position must be approved and strengthened by the State and local nominations. This can be done only by resolute and intelligent and prompt organization. There is a Republican sentiment in the city of New York which is not always or proportionately represented in the Convention. It is of the most unselfish and patriotic and intelligent character, but it is usually content to follow instead of leading in State elections. It accepts nominations and declarations instead of making them, and it often supports, with its votes and its money, candidates who are neither representative nor wisely selected. The members of the Union League Club, for instance, and of the Republican Reform Club, in the city, must take the trouble to see that their opinions and preferences are fully and adequately represented in the State Convention. This can not be accomplished, however, without attention and hard and often disagreeable work. But the greatest results now depend upon such work, and courage and persistence are all that is required.

The State of New York, with a full and honest vote, is undoubtedly Republican. That vote will appear if the State Convention shall act in obedience to the plain demand and necessity of the situation, but, we fear, not otherwise. The action at Cincinnati has renewed and re-invigorated Republican confidence. It has made friends every where. It has satisfied the sentiment which was represented at the May conference. It has attracted the "Liberal" element, and reunited it with the Republican organization. It has shown the great intermediate vote which determines elections in the State of New York, and to obtain which is the goal of Mr. TILDEN'S efforts, that to secure honest and thorough reform it need not look to a party that sustained slavery and necessitated civil war, nor to candidates who aided the rebellion and gave countenance to TWEED. This was the significance and result of the Cincinnati action, and this must be distinctly and decisively continued in New York. The State nominations must be strictly in harmony with the national. They must mean as clearly the spirit of progress and reform. They must be more than merely partisan. The candidates, of course, must be and will be known Republicans; but they must be something more. That is to say, mere "regularity" will not satisfy the demand of the time. The Republican discontent and distrust which permitted Democratic success in 1874 have happily led to an uprising in the party which promises a glorious victory. But there must be no reaction, no step backward. The condition of Republican success is constant progress. Dependence upon mere party spirit, upon mere party organization, and mere party tradition has been proved to be fatal.

Governor HAYES received the nomination without a promise or a pledge except those of his character and career. He is a man of quiet independence and firmness, who was never accused of being the instrument of any person or clique. But it has been industriously asserted, without any kind of reason whatever, that he was nominated by influences in the party which are distrusted, and which expect to control him. We consider this assertion elsewhere, and show its folly. But it is evidently very necessary to success that the party action in New York shall not seem to justify any such allegation. New York is considered to be the great doubtful State. It is so because of the immense independent vote. There is one way in which that vote can be repelled, and that is by any action which shows that the Republican party in New York does not heartily and unreservedly support the principle and policy of the Cincinnati nominations. Those nominations meant unmistakably reform of many things that the intelligence of Republicans disclaims and denounces. The earnest of it must appear in the New York nominations; and to make sure of that result those who really desire it must "take care of the primaries."

THE KU-KLUX.

IT is very easy, under cover of sneering at the bloody shirt, to do a very great and cruel wrong. Democrats like General M. C. BUTLER, of the Hamburg massacre, are very willing to hear any allusion to the brutal treatment of colored citizens in the Southern States reviled and belittled as a shaking of the bloody shirt, and Northern Democrats are very anxious to have no allusions made to it whatever, and to insist that the only question before the country is "reform." One reform is certainly indispensable, and that is reform of the spirit that displayed itself at Hamburg, as it has constantly shown itself in the Southern States for the last ten years. General BUTLER in his statement says that "the collision was the culmination of the system of insulting and outraging of white people which the negroes have adopted there for several years." These negro slaughters are undoubtedly very common and familiar in the late Slave States, and there may be those who believe that they are due to a negro system of insult and outrage. We believe, on the contrary, and from a careful study of many of the massacres, that the negro slaughters, and every kind and degree of Ku-Kluxery, are not due to negro insults and outrages, but to the deep and deadly contempt and hatred of the negroes upon the part of brutalized whites, intensified by the war and its consequences. We remember that the wanton and terrible DOSTIE massacre in New Orleans was called "a negro riot" in Northern Democratic newspapers. It was precisely as much a riot as HEROD'S slaughter was an insurrection of the innocents, and this slaughter at Hamburg is merely another outbreak of Ku-Kluxery.

One thing, indeed, until Mr. LAMAR'S speech in the House on the Hamburg crime, we had yet to see, and that was a hearty, indignant condemnation of the Ku-Klux spirit and conduct by any Democratic "statesman," orator, or newspaper. Had the Democratic party done its duty in this respect, the condition of the Southern States would now be very different. Nor are we unmindful of the extreme difficulty of the situation. Slavery, and Northern Democratic servility to it, fostered ignorance and virtual barbarism among great masses of the people in the Southern States. The complete social convulsion produced by the war, and the bitter feelings that naturally remained between the races, demanded of the more intelligent race a policy and conduct to which it has been steadily hostile, and this hostility has been sedulously encouraged by the Democratic party at the North. "Carpet-baggery," undoubtedly, has been a mischievous evil, but that was not the root of the trouble. The late Confederates seem, as a rule, to have abandoned themselves to awaiting the possible return of the Democratic party to power as an opportunity of "putting the negro into his place." The Southern States, of course, are full of such young men as the two who were "insulted" by the colored militia of Hamburg. They are supported by the general white sentiment of the communities in which they live, and the natural consequences are such massacres as this. The victims "were murdered in cold blood after they had surrendered and were utterly defenseless," says Governor CHAMBERLAIN. Who murdered them? The spirit and the men that demand the election of Mr. TILDEN—not because he would personally connive at any wrong, but because they are of his party. The country sees what crimes are possible when the friends of the colored race are in control of the national government. What would it be with the political friends of General M. C. BUTLER in control?

The situation, we repeat, is difficult. It demands both forbearance and firmness. We do not say that the negroes are always right; we insist only that they are not always wrong. Above all, we are sure that nothing could be more unfortunate for both races and for the whole country than the transfer of the national government to the party which the Ku-Klux spirit supports. Nor can there be found wiser, more generous, more timely, views upon the whole subject than those of Governor HAYES:

"The condition of the Southern States attracts the attention and commands the sympathy of the people of the whole Union. In their progressive recovery from the effects of the war, their first necessity is an intelligent and honest administration of government which will protect all classes of citizens in their political and private rights. What the South most needs is 'peace,' and peace depends upon the supremacy of the law. There can be no enduring peace if the constitutional rights of any portion of the people are habitually disregarded. A division of political parties resting merely upon sectional lines is always unfortunate, and may be disastrous. The welfare of the South, alike with that of every other part of this country, depends upon the attractions it can offer to labor and immigration and to capital. But laborers will not go and capital will not be ventured where the Constitution and the laws are set at defiance, and distraction, apprehension, and alarm take the place of peace-loving and law-abiding social life. All parts of the Constitution are sacred, and must be sacredly observed—the parts that are new no less than the parts that are old. The moral and national prosperity of the Southern States can be most effectually advanced by a hearty and generous recognition of the rights of all by all—a recognition without reserve or exception. With such a recognition fully accorded, it will be practicable to promote, by the influence of all legitimate agencies of the general government, the efforts of the people of those States to obtain for themselves the blessings of honest and capable local government. If elected, I shall consider it not only my duty, but it will be my ardent desire, to labor for the attainment of this end.

"Let me assure my countrymen of the Southern States that, if I shall be charged with the duty of organizing an Administration, it will be one which will regard and cherish their truest interests—the interests of the white and of the colored people both and equally—and which will put forth its best efforts in behalf of a civil policy which will wipe out forever the distinction between North and South in our common country."

MR. WHEELER'S LETTER.

THE letter of Mr. WHEELER accepting the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency is very characteristic of the man. It is clear, comprehensive, manly, and decisive—the letter of a man who thoroughly understands himself, and who expresses himself with perfect candor. He needed no conference with Governor HAYES to agree upon what they should say, for they do not differ. Both are peculiarly representative of the earnest and intelligent purpose of the Republican party which prevailed in the nominating Convention. Mr. WHEELER holds that the pledge of the Resumption Bill is the sacredly plighted faith of the nation, to be implicitly fulfilled by legislation which it is the duty of Congress to supply. He dwells especially upon the duty of securing to every citizen complete liberty and exact equality—a duty which can be effectively performed only by those who cordially believe in that liberty and equality, and of which the country has just been very sharply reminded. The letter of Mr. WHEELER, which will make every Republican prouder of the candidates and surer of the cause, closes with these admirable words:

"To the intelligence and conscience of all who desire good government, good-will, good money, and universal prosperity, the Republican party, not unmindful of the imperfection and short-comings of human organizations, yet with the honest purpose of its masses promptly to retrieve all errors and to summarily punish all offenders against the laws of the country, confidently submits its claim for the continued support of the American people."

PERSONAL.

SPEAKING of the Hon. HAMILTON FISH, a contemporary pays him the following deserved tribute: "He is to-day one of the most popular men in the country. He has been the enlightened minister of peace and of state, the mild man firm, the rich man kind and democratic, the President's unselfish friend, and the country's noblest representative."

—Mr. H. J. FURBER, of this city, a gentleman prominent in life-insurance business, has given $5000 to Bowdoin College to establish a scholarship in memory of the late Professor WILLIAM SMYTH.

—Dr. DÖLLINGER has been appointed president of the Munich Academy of Sciences, and keeper of the scientific collection of the kingdom of Bavaria.

—POOLE, the famous London tailor, who had in high degree what BULWER, in *Pelham*, called the art of "composing a coat," died lately, and left a fortune of about $600,000. He is said to have been a very good sort of fellow, although a little inclined to put on airs now and then. One day he was out hunting, when rather a large party happened to be in the field. He went up to Lord HARDWICKE and said, with a gesture of contempt, "A fine day, my lord, but a very mixed company." "Well, POOLE," replied Lord HARDWICKE, "you know you can not expect them all to be tailors."

—The *St. James's Magazine*, London, in a notice of Mr. JAMES T. FIELDS'S "pretty volumette called *Barry Cornwall, and some of his Friends*," speaks of the book in warm terms of praise, and adds: "The chief part of the volume first appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, which for variety, literary excellence, and beauty of illustration puts many of our English serials to the blush, or would do so but that our national vanity may be soothed by the reflection that many leading English novelists are contributors to its pages."

—Mr. CHRISTIAN THOMSEN, a German by birth, long time a prominent merchant of Brazil, and for some years past engaged in mercantile affairs in this city, has been created a Brazilian baron by the Regent, Princess Donna ISABELLA, of course at the suggestion of her imperial father. The new baron gave a fine entertainment at his residence to the Emperor and Empress just before their departure for Europe, at which several persons whose names are familiar to New York were present.

—General SHERMAN has bought the "War Etchings," by EDWIN FORBES, which are now in Memorial Hall, Philadelphia, and ordered them to be sent to the army head-quarters at the close of the Exhibition. The series was exhibited in this city last winter, in the galleries of the Union League and Army and Navy clubs.

—Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S first work was published in Boston forty years ago. It was entitled *Nature*, and it had this motto prefixed: "Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul; nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know."

—HENRY WELLS, of express fame, whose munificent benefactions to Wells College, at Aurora, Cayuga County, have won for him enduring renown, has just made it another handsome gift, consisting of a fine brick residence and twelve acres of ground just south of the college.

—The Emperor of Austria, who has been in bad health for some time past, has serious thoughts of abdicating. Such, at least, is the current talk in Vienna. His son, the Imperial Prince RUDOLPH, is now just eighteen years old, at which age his father succeeded to the throne on the abdication of FERDINAND I.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The defense in the impeachment trial of ex-Secretary Belknap was closed on the 18th, and the summing up was begun on the 20th.—The House adopted a resolution for the appointment of a select committee of three to proceed to California, after the adjournment of Congress, to investigate, conjointly with the Senate committee or otherwise, the extent and effect of Chinese immigration. The House passed the bill to remove the political disabilities of P. G. T. Beauregard. Representative Springer, of Illinois, moved to suspend the rules, and adopt a resolution instructing the Committee on Banking and Currency to report the following day a bill to repeal the Specie Resumption Act. Negatived—yeas, 102; nays, 92, or less than the necessary two-thirds. A similar motion was subsequently made by Mr. Vance, of Ohio, but a motion to adjourn was interposed and carried.—The conference report on the Army Bill was agreed to by both the Senate and the House on the 19th. The Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, as agreed upon by the committee of conference, passed the Senate on the 18th and the House on the 20th.—The House, on the 20th, passed the joint resolution for the protection of the Texas frontier. It provides for the maintenance of two regiments of cavalry of 1200 men each on the frontier, besides sufficient infantry to garrison the military posts along the Rio Grande.

The schooner yacht *Mohawk*—the largest in the world—while lying in New York Bay, opposite Stapleton, Staten Island, and getting ready for a short pleasure trip, July 20, was struck by a sudden and powerful gust of wind, and capsized. The owner, William T. Garner, his wife, his brother-in-law, Frost Thorne, Miss Adele Hunter, and a cabin-boy were all drowned.

A special dispatch to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press and Tribune* from Bismarck confirms from Indian sources the statement that Sitting Bull was killed in the fight with Custer. Crazy Horse and Black Moon were also killed. The statement that Sitting Bull's band of Uncpapas lost 160 killed, and that the total loss of the Indians will reach nearly 400, is renewed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ACCOUNTS from the seat of the Servo-Turkish war are very confused and conflicting. Not only do the Turkish and Servian bulletins conflict, but the reports of the special correspondents are according to their sympathies and points of observation. An official dispatch from the insurgents says: "The priest Doutchitch routed 4000 Turkish regulars on the 19th, near Radosinge, driving them toward Nova-Varosch after a desperate engagement, lasting seven hours."

The Vienna journals publish statistics showing that 6564 houses were burned in the Philippopolis and Zatarbazardjik districts during the Bulgarian insurrection. Of these 5643 belonged to Christians. Many were fired by revolutionary emissaries to compel the people to join the insurrection.

"BILL PASSED PROVIDING FOR TWO NEW MILITARY POSTS" BY THE GENEROUS DEMOCRATIC HOUSE.

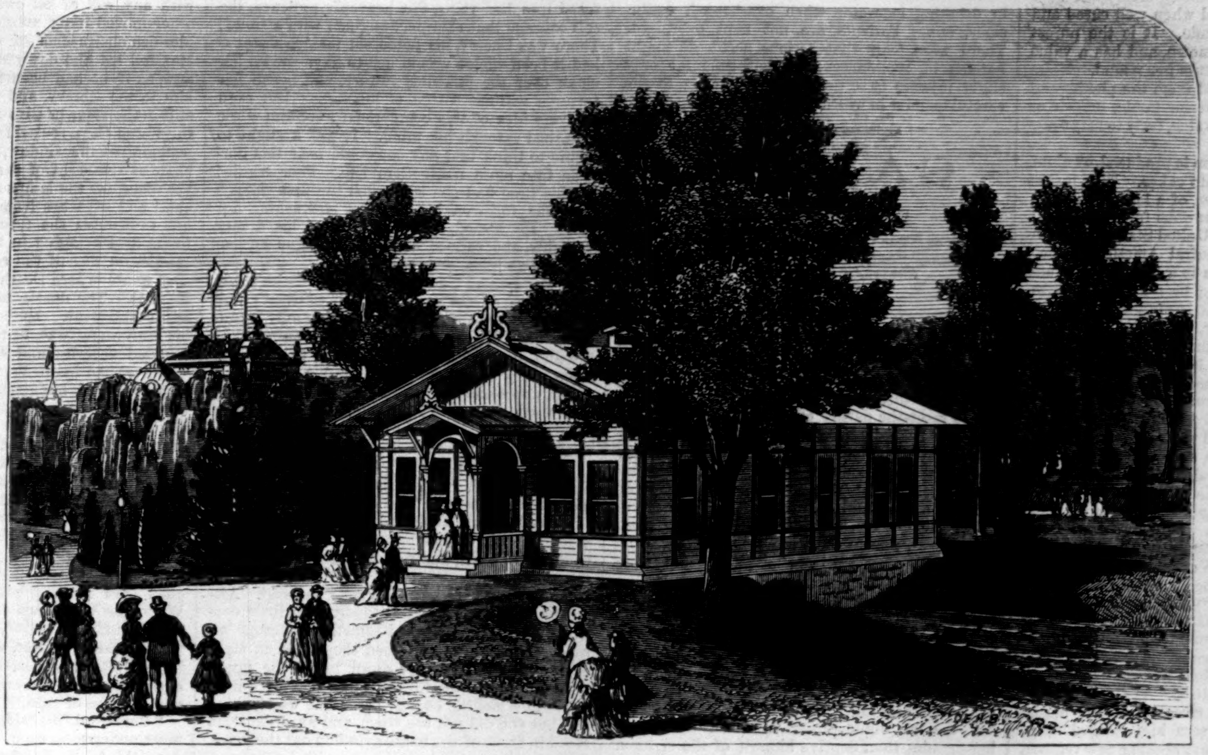
THE CENTENNIAL.

INDIA RUBBER EXHIBIT.

India rubber is produced by coagulating the milk or juice of certain plants and trees. These are confined chiefly to the tropical belt, and are distributed throughout its entire length. There are three varieties, of rubber-bearing plants, each producing different qualities and having different geographical positions, viz., American, Asiatic, and African.

America produces not only the bulk but also the finer qualities of caoutchouc.

The production may be considered under two grades, known in commerce as *Para* and *Central*. The trees producing Para grades, the *Siphonia elastica*, are beautiful specimens of tropical shrubbery, attaining a height of eighty to one hundred feet, trunk two feet in diameter. They are confined chiefly to Brazil, South America, distributed along the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries.



THE CENTENNIAL—FREE DISPENSARY AND HOSPITAL.

The process of obtaining the milk from the tree and converting it into India rubber is one of some detail. In certain months of the year—from March to June—the rain-fall is constant and heavy, twelve to fourteen inches per month being of frequent occurrence. During this season the rubber gatherers cease operations, the milk being too aqueous for use, at the same time the land being submerged. In June and July the natives start out into the forests, build their sheds of bark in the vicinity of their intended operations, and commence gathering the "new crop."

With his hatchet he makes his incisions in the bark of the rubber-tree about one yard from the ground; three to four are made around the tree; then with soft clay the little earthen cups he carries are stuck beneath the incision, a channel of the clay being made to guide the creamy milk now oozing forth. The same operation on the next tree, and so on until all his cups (about twenty-five) are used up. Then he hastens back to the first tree, empties the cups into his pail—made of a gourd, with twisted bark for a handle—then to the next tree, and so on.

With his pail full of milk, he now returns to his hut and prepares to convert it into India rubber. An earthen jar without bottom and small funnel-hole on top is produced, placed on a slow fire, and a handful of the nuts of the palm-tree—*urucury*—dropped inside. By the smoke and heat evolved from these through the top the milk is cured, or smoked.

The milk having been poured into a large metal basin, a wooden spaddle eight inches in diameter is immersed, and revolved by hand in the smoke until the layer is dried. By repeating this process a cake from two to three inches in thickness is finally dried. One side is then cut, the spaddle withdrawn, and the cake of pure rubber exposed to the sun for a few days to dry.

For about six days the same trees are constantly tapped, each day the incisions being made higher, until they are out of reach. Then the trees are left to recuperate, and a new lot is selected. The average result of one man's collection and curing per day is about ten or twelve pounds. Some experts will make twenty pounds.

The India rubber yielded by the above process

THE CENTENNIAL—INDIA RUBBER EXHIBIT, AGRICULTURAL HALL.

is known as Fine Para, and when well cured and smoked is of a cream shade. It is the purest and most durable grade known, and has a value of from sixty to seventy cents per pound. From the residue of the milk, and from the pickings of the trees and cups, an inferior grade, known as Coarse Para, is produced: value, forty to fifty cents per pound.

In some cases coagulation is produced by alum, and the rubber pressed into cakes. This makes a somewhat inferior rubber, of a leaden color.

Central is produced in various forms and qualities, found largely in the United States of Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Central America, Mexico, etc. The *Castillio elastica* is a tree of rapid and luxuriant growth, thriving best in thick, warm, humid forests. The milk is obtained generally in an improvident manner, viz., the cutting down of the trees and allowing the trunk to bleed. The coagulation of the milk is effected by various processes, that most in use being the addition of the juice of certain plants known as "coasso." One pint of this juice added to one gallon of milk is sufficient to coalesce all the particles of caoutchouc. But little care is exercised in obtaining the India rubber. Generally the milk flows into a large hole scraped in the ground at the base of the tree. In this it coagulates into large slabs five to eight inches thick. These slabs are floated down the rivers or brought down overland to the coast, where they are cut up with a circular knife into long strips, being then pressed out comparatively dry between rollers. The yield of a tree of twenty inches diameter is about twenty-two gallons of milk per month, producing about fifty pounds of pure rubber.

Of the wild and hazardous life the "couchero" lives but little can be realized. The constant destruction of the valuable trees speaks for his ignorance, and each year sees him obliged to go further back from the coast seeking new regions. Where formerly ten miles back from the coast found the rubber-tree in abundance, from eighty to one hundred miles or more is now the scene of operations. Into the wild, impenetrable forests, densely interlaced with creeping vines, the couchero, with his "gang" of assistants, secludes himself for months, exposed continually to fevers, to pangs of hunger, the bites of venomous snakes, and oftimes the attacks of the wild Indians. These latter look with jealous eye on the invasion of their haunts, aroused to that desperation sometimes that large parties of the coucheros are massacred or driven to the coast. All these difficulties conspire to check a too rapid production, and whenever the article fails to bring a sufficiently tempting price, a visible decline in the production is the result.

The *Asiatic* varieties are composed mainly of East Indian, Assam, and Borneo.

East India.—That found in Malasia and vicinity is the better grade. It has many sub-distinctions. The trees are gashed and the milk allowed to dry on the trees, when it is pulled off in strings and rolled into balls.

African Varieties.—Comparatively but little used in this country, being of inferior quality and badly prepared.

Madagascar is the finest grade, from the island of Madagascar, produced from a climbing plant fifteen to twenty feet high. There are three grades, of varying quality, but too often are mixed together. The milk is coagulated by salt-water or artificial heat.

The other varieties are from the west coast of Africa, made from a climbing plant of very luxuriant growth, rapidly entwining all trees in its reach. The bark is stripped off by natives, and the milk run from it into holes in the ground. In some cases the natives allow it to stream over and coagulate on their naked arms. This gum has a very disagreeable odor.

The business developed by the introduction of India rubber in this country has attained a rapid growth, and seems yet to admit of much larger extension.

The first importations of India rubber into this country were about 1825, when a few sample packages were brought here. Since then it has increased to an annual importation and consumption in this country alone of about 13,000,000 to 14,000,000 pounds, representing a manufactured value of about $26,000,000.

The small sketch in one corner of the picture of the India rubber exhibit, on page 633, shows the following implements described in this article: 1, the cup; 2, the tapping axe; 3, collecting gourd; 4, the spaddle and product; 5, milk-receiver and bottle.

This being the first exhibit ever attempted in the world of crude elastic gums, the firms of Smythe, Earle, & Co., of New York, and George A. Alden & Co., of Boston, have taken especial pains, and at large expense, to make it as complete and as scientific as possible, exhibiting about thirty different varieties of crude rubber, and as many botanical specimens of the trees, knowing it to be a fact that great ignorance exists regarding this important article of commerce. Unfortunately many of their rarest botanical specimens in shipment from Brazil and Central America died from exposure. Upward of one year has been spent in collection for this interesting exhibit.

THE HOSPITAL.

The upper sketch on the preceding page gives a view of the Free Dispensary and Hospital under the charge of the Centennial Medical Department. The building is situated between Belmont and Agricultural avenues, nearly opposite the open space between the Main Building and Machinery Hall. Above it waves a white flag marked with a red cross. Patients are treated gratuitously. All the medical stores are contributed by large manufacturing firms in different parts of the country. Most of the cases treated in the hospital are of a slight character, largely arising from overfatigue in sight-seeing, want of caution in drinking ice-water when overheated, contusions, etc. Patients are not kept overnight. There were fears that serious accidents might happen in Machinery Hall, but thus far only slight injuries have been suffered, owing to the careful manner in which the machinery is guarded.

CARITA.

By Mrs. Oliphant,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CATASTROPHE.

James Beresford was not brave. He was very kind and tender and good, but he had not courage to meet the darker emergencies of life. He felt as he rushed down stairs away from his wife's presence that he had but postponed the evil day, and that many another dreadful argument on this subject, which was not within the range of arguing, lay before him. What should he say to her? He felt the abstract justice of her plea. A hopeless, miserable, lingering, loathsome disease, which wore out even love itself, and made death a longed-for release instead of a calamity. What could he say when she appealed to him to release her from that anguish of waiting for the deliverance which only could come in one way? He could not say that it would be wicked or a sin; all that he could say was, that he had not the courage to do it—had not the strength to put her away from him. Was it true, he asked himself, that he would rather watch out her lingering agonies than deprive himself of the sight of her, or consent to part with her a day sooner than he must? Was it himself he was thinking of alone, not her? Could he see her anguish and not dare to set her free? He knew that, in the case of another man, he would have counseled the harder self-sacrifice. But he, how could he do it? He rushed out of the house, through the afternoon sunshine, away to the first space he could find near, and struck across the open park, where there was no one to disturb him, avoiding all the pleasant walks and paths where people were. The open space and the silence subdued his excitement; and yet what could really bring him peace? He had no peace to look for—nothing but a renewed and ever-new painful struggle with her and with himself. Yes, even with himself. If she suffered greatly, he asked, with a shudder, how could he stand by and look on, knowing that he could deliver her? And would not she renew her prayers and cries to him for deliverance? God help him! It was not as if he had made an end of that mad prayer once and forever by refusing it. It would come back—he knew it would come back—hour by hour and day by day.

Oh, how people talk (he thought) of such mysteries when the trouble is not theirs! He himself had argued the question often, in her hearing, even with her support. He had made it as clear as day to himself and to others. He had asked what but cowardice—miserable cowardice—would keep love from fulfilling this last dread, yet tender, service? Only love would dare it; but love supreme, what will that not do to save, to succor, to help, to deliver? Love was not love which would shrink and think of self. So he said it with indignant, impassioned expansion of the heart—and she had listened and echoed what he said. All this returned to him as he rushed across the dewy grass, wet with spring rains, and untrodden by any other foot, with London vague in mists and muffled noises all round. Brave words—brave words! he remembered them, and his heart grew sick with self-love and self-pity. How did he know it was coming to *him?* How could he think that this case which was so plain, so clear, should one day be his own? God and all good spirits have pity upon him! He would have bidden you to do it, praised you with tears of sympathy for that tremendous proof of love; but himself? He shrank, shrank, contracted within himself; retreated, crouching and slinking from the house. What a poor cur he was, not worthy the name of man! But he could not do it; it was beyond the measure of his powers.

When he turned to go home the afternoon light was waning. Small heart had he to go home. If he could have escaped any where he would have been tempted to do so; and yet he was on the rack till he returned to her. Oh, that Heaven would give her that sweet patience, that angelical calm in suffering, which some women have! Was it only religious women who had that calm? He asked himself this question with a piteous helplessness; for neither he nor she had been religious in the ordinary sense of the word. They had been *good* so far as they knew how—enjoying themselves, yet without unkindness, nay, with true friendliness, charity, brotherly heartedness to their neighbors; but as for God, they had known little and thought less of that supreme vague Existence whom they accepted as a belief without knowing Him as a person, or desiring to know. And now, perhaps, had their theory of life been different they might have been better prepared for this emergency. Was it so? He could not tell. Perhaps philosophy was enough with some strong natures, perhaps it was temperament. Who can tell how human creatures are moved; who touches the spring, and what the spring is, which makes one rebellious and another submissive, sweet as an angel? He had loved the movement, the vanity, the indocility, the very caprice, of his wife, in all of which she was so much herself. Submission, resignedness, were not in that changeful, vivacious, willful nature; but, oh! if only now the meekness of the more passive woman could somehow get transfused into her veins, the heavenly patience, the soft courage that can meet anguish with a smile! There was Cherry, his faded old maiden sister—had it been she, it was in her to have drawn her cloak over the gnawing vulture, and borne her tortures without a sign of flinching. But even the very idea of this comparison hurt him while it flashed through his mind. It was a slight to Annie to think that any one could bear this horrible fate more nobly than she. Poor Annie! by this time had she exhausted the first shock? Had she forgiven him? Was she asking for him? He turned, bewildered by all his dreary thoughts, and calmed a little by fatigue and silence, to go home once more.

It was getting dusk. As he passed the populous places of the park the hum of voices and pleasant sounds came over him dreamily like a warm air. He passed through that murmur of life and pleasure, and hurried along to the more silent stony streets among which his square lay. As he approached he overtook Maxwell walking in the same direction, who looked at him with some suspicion. The two men accosted each other at the same moment.

"I wanted to see you. Come with me," said Beresford; and, "What is the matter? Why did you send for me?" the doctor cried.

Then Maxwell explained that a hurried message had come for him more than an hour before, while he was out, and that he was on his way to the Square now.

"Has there been any—change?" he said. After this they sped along hurriedly with little conversation. There seemed something strange already about the house when they came in sight of it. The blinds were down in all the upper windows, but at the library appeared Cara's little white face looking eagerly out. She was looking out, but she did not see them, and an organ man stood in front of the house grinding out the notes, "Al che la morte," upon his terrible instrument. Cara's eyes and attention seemed absorbed in that. James Beresford opened the door with his latch-key unobserved by any one, and went up stairs direct, followed by the doctor, to his wife's room.

How still it was! How dark! She was fond of light, and always had one of those tall moon-lamps, which were her favorites. There was no lamp in the room, but only some twinkling candles, and through the side window a glimmer of chill blue sky. Nurse rose as her master opened the door. She gave a low cry at the sight of him. "Oh, don't come here, Sir; don't come here!" she cried.

"Is she angry, still angry?" said poor Beresford, his countenance falling.

"Oh, go away, Sir; it is the doctor as we wanted," said the woman.

Meantime Maxwell had pushed forward to the bedside. He gave a cry of dismay and horror, surprise taking from him all self-control. "When did this happen?" he said.

James Beresford pressed forward, pushing the woman who tried to prevent him, and then he saw—what? Not his wife: a pale, lovely image, still as she never was in her life, far away, passive, solemn, neither caring for him nor any one; beyond all pain or fear of pain. "My God!" he said. He did not seem even to wonder. Suddenly it became quite clear to him that for years he had known exactly how this would be.

Maxwell pushed the husband, who stood stupefied, out of his way; he called the weeping nurse, who, now that there was nothing to conceal, gave free outlet to her sorrow. "Oh, don't ask me, Sir; I can't tell you," she said among her sobs. "Miss Carry rung the bell, and I came. And from that to this never a word from her, no more than moans and hard breathing. I sent for you, Sir, and then for the nearest as I could get. He came, but there was nothing as could be done. If she took it herself, or if it was give her, how can I tell? Miss Carry, poor child, she don't know what's happened; she's watching in the library for her papa. The medicine box was on the table, Sir, as you see. Oh, I don't hold with them medicine boxes; they puts things into folk's heads. The other doctor said as it was laudanum; but if she took it, or if it was give her—"

Mr. Maxwell stopped the woman by a touch on her arm. Poor Beresford stood still there, supporting himself by the bed, gazing upon that which was no more his wife. His countenance was like that of one who had himself died; his mouth was open, the under-lip dropped; the eyes strained and tearless. He heard, yet he did not hear what they were saying. Later it came back to his mind; at present he knew nothing of it. "God help him!" said the doctor, turning away to the other end of the room. And then he heard the rest of the story. They left the two together who had been all in all to each other. Had he given her the quietus, he who loved her most, or had she taken it? This was what neither of them could tell. They stood whispering together while the husband, propping himself by the bed, looked at her. At *her?* It was not her. He stood and looked and wondered, with a dull aching in him. No more—he could not go to her, call her by her name. A dreary, horrible sense that this still figure was another, a something new and unknown to him, another woman who was not his wife, came into his soul. He was frozen by the sudden shock; his blood turned into ice, his heart to stone. Annie! oh, Heaven, no; not *that;* not the marble woman lying in her place. He was himself stone, but she was sculptured marble, a figure to put on a monument. Two hours of time—light, frivolous, flying hours—could not change flesh and blood into *that;* could not put life so far, and make it so impossible. He did not feel that he was bereaved, or a mourner, or that he had lost what he most loved; he felt only a stone, looking at stone, with a dull ache in him, and a dull consternation, nothing more. When Maxwell came and took him by the arm he obeyed stupidly, and went with his friend, not moving with any will of his own, but only because the other moved him; making no "scene" or terrible demonstrations of misery as they passed. Maxwell led him down stairs, holding him by the arm, as if he had been made of wood, and took him to the library, and thrust him into a chair, still in the same passive state. It was quite dark there, and Cara, roused from her partial trance of watching at the window, stumbled down from her chair at the sight of them, with a cry of alarm, yet relief, for the lamps outside had beguiled the child and kept her from perceiving how dark it had grown till she turned round. No one had thought of bringing in the lamp, of lighting the candles, or any of the common offices of life in that house where Death had so suddenly set up his seat. The doctor rang the bell and ordered lights and wine. He began to fear for James: his own mind was agitated with doubts, and a mingled severity and sympathy. He felt that whatever had happened he must find it out; but, whatever had happened, how could he do less than feel the sentiment of a brother for his friend? He did not take much notice of the child, but stooped and kissed her, being the friend of the house, and bade her go to her nurse in a softened tender tone. But he scarcely remarked that Cara did not go. Poor child, who had lost her mother! But how secondary was the pity for her! It was the man whom he had to think of—who had done it, perhaps—who, perhaps, was his wife's innocent murderer. Yet whom, nevertheless, this good man felt his heart yearn and melt over. When the frightened servant came in, with red eyes, bringing the wine, Maxwell poured out some for the chief sufferer, who sat motionless where he had placed him, saying nothing. It was necessary to rouse him one way or other from this stupefaction of pain.

"Beresford," he said, curtly, "listen to me. We must understand each other. Is it you who have done this? Be frank with me—be open. It is either you or she herself. I have never met with such a case before; but I am not the man to be hard upon you. Beresford! James! think, my dear fellow, think; we were boys together; you can't think I'll be hard on you."

"She asked me—she begged of me," said Beresford, slowly. "Maxwell, you are clever, you can do wonders."

"I can't bring those back that have gone—*there,*" said the doctor, a sudden spasm coming in his throat. "Don't speak of the impossible. Clever—God knows. Miserable bunglers, that is what we are, knowing nothing. James! I won't blame you; I would have done it myself in your place. Speak out; you need not have any reserve from me."

"It isn't that. Maxwell, look here; they've spirited my wife away, and put *that* in her place."

"God! he's going mad," said the doctor, feeling his own head buzz and swim.

"No," was the answer, with a sigh. "No, I almost wish I could. I tell you it is not her. You saw it as well as I. That my wife? Maxwell—"

"It is all that remains of her," said the doctor, sternly. "Mind what I say; I must know. No more of this raving. Did you do it? Of course she asked you, poor soul!" (Here the doctor's voice wavered as if a gust of wind had blown it about.) "She never could endure the thought of pain; she asked you—it was natural, and you gave her—opium?"

"Nothing. I dared not," he said, with a shiver. "I had not the courage. I let her plead; but I had not the courage. What! put her away from me, willingly! how could I do it? Yes, if she had been in a paroxysm; if I had seen her in agony; but she was calm, not suffering, and she asked me to do it in cold blood."

"What then?" The doctor spoke sternly, keeping the tone of authority to which in his stupefied state poor Beresford appeared to respond. Cara from a corner looked on with wide-open eyes, listening to every thing.

"Nothing more," he said, still sighing heavily. "It was more than I could bear. I rushed away. I went out to calm myself; to try and think, and I met you, Maxwell, and now—"

He lifted his hands with a shuddering gesture. "That is all—that is all, and this desolate place is my—home; and *there* is—Annie! No, no! Maxwell, some of you doctors—you cruel doctors—have taken her away to try their experiments. Oh, say it is so, and I'll thank you on my knees."

"Be quiet, Beresford! Try and be a man. Don't you see what I have got to do? If it was not you, it was herself. I don't blame her, poor soul! poor soul! the thought of all she had to go through made her mad. Be silent, man, I tell you! We must not have her branded with the name of suicide, James," cried the doctor, fairly sobbing. "Poor girl! poor girl! it is not much wonder if she was afraid; but we must not let them say ill of her now she is gone. I remember her before you married her, a lovely creature, and there she is, lying—but they must not speak ill of her. I'll say it was— Yes, if it's a lie, I can't help that—my conscience will bear it—there must not be talk, and an inquest. Yes, that's what I'll say."

"An inquest!" said the wretched husband, waking up from his stupor with a great cry.

"I'll take it upon myself," said Maxwell, going to the writing table. Then he saw Cara leaning out of her chair toward them with great strained wide-open eyes.

"Cara, have you heard all we were saying?"

"I don't understand, I don't understand," said the child, with sudden sobs. "What have you done to my mamma?"

The door of the library opened softly, and they all started as if at the approach of a new calamity.

"If you please, Sir," said John, addressing Maxwell with natural recognition of the only source of authority, "I came to see if you wouldn't have some dinner, and master."

With a moan, Beresford hid his face in his

hands. Dinner must be, whosoever lives or dies—if the world was breaking up—if hope and love had failed forever. John stood for a moment against the more powerful light of the gas in the hall for his answer, and then, not getting any, he had the grace to steal quietly away.

But this wonderful intrusion of the outer ordinary life disturbed this melancholy assembly. It roused Beresford to a sense of what had befallen him. He got up and began to pace up and down the long room, and Cara's sobs broke the silence, and Maxwell at the table, with a spasm in his throat, compiled the certificate of the death. In what medical form he put it I can not tell; but he strained his conscience and said something which would pass, which nobody could contradict; was not that enough? "I hope I may never do any thing more wicked," he said, muttering to himself. The nurse came to call the child, which was the first thing that had seemed natural to Cara in the whole miserable day's proceedings. She did not resist the command to go to bed, as they had all resisted the invitation to dine. She got up quickly when nurse called her, glad of something she was used to.

"It's the only place as we're all fit for," said nurse, with a sigh of weariness; "your poor papa, Miss Carry, as well as the rest." Then she turned to the gentlemen with a touch of natural oratory. "What is the use of talking?" she said; "I'm one as has loved her since first she drew breath. She was my child, she was; and look you here, I'm glad—her old nurse is glad. I'll not cry nor make no moan for her," said nurse, the tears running down her cheeks. "I'd have given her that dose myself if the darling had asked me, I would, and never have trembled. I'd have done it, and stood up bold and told you I done it, and I don't blame her. She's seen what it was, and so have I."

"Nurse, you are a good woman," said the doctor, coming hastily forward and grasping her hand. "Nurse, hold your tongue, and don't say a word. Don't let those idiots talk down stairs. I'm ready to give them the reason of it whoever asks. I did not know it would come on so quick when I left to-day; but I know what it is that has carried her off. It was to be expected, if we hadn't all been a parcel of fools."

Nurse looked him anxiously in the face. "Then it wasn't—it wasn't— Ah!" she added, drawing a long breath, "I think I understand."

"Now hold your tongue," he said, curtly, "and stop the others. You are a sensible woman. My poor little Cara, good-night."

"Don't speak to him," nurse whispered, drawing the child away. "Leave your poor papa alone, darling. God help him, he can't say nothing to you to-night. Here's Sarah coming to put you to bed, and glad I'd be to be there too: it's the only place as we're fit for."

Sarah, who was waiting outside, had red eyes overflowing with tears. She hugged the little girl and kissed her, bursting out into fits of subdued crying. But Cara's own sobs were stilled and over. Her head ached with bewildering pain; her mind was full of confused, bewildering thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. TILDEN AND OUR FOREIGN CHURCH.

If the founders of the republic, if SAMUEL and JOHN ADAMS, JEFFERSON, HENRY, LEE, LIVINGSTON, JAY, M'DOUGALL, were permitted to witness the election of 1876, they would not be at a loss on which side to cast their influence. Does any one doubt for whom those wise men would vote? Would it be for the party that has so hampered and retarded the growth of education among us that our country already takes rank below France and England in its system of public culture? Would JEFFERSON consent to act with a faction that banishes the common schools from Texas or Georgia, and whose chief aim it is to convert them into papal seminaries in New York and Boston? When the whole vast system of American education is already shaken and even imperiled by men who call themselves Democrats, but who are the slaves of priests and aristocracies, of European prejudices and selfish pride, who does not know where the CLINTONS, MARCY, WRIGHT, and every honest republican of the past would stand? who does not feel the ardor with which they would rise to the defense of popular education? Within twenty years, if the ultramontane element is allowed to prevail at the North, the reactionary and Democratic at the South, our republic will rank among the lowest in the scale of educated nations. In 1870, 5,500,000 illiterates above ten years were enumerated in the census, besides the very large number who must necessarily have escaped observation. Since 1870 the common schools have been closed in great part in many of the Southern States. In several of the Northern their influence has been greatly impaired by the interference of papal priests and bishops. Sometimes their attendance has been diminished; sometimes they have been supplanted by inferior schools devoted to sectarian training. Great numbers of uncultivated foreigners, meantime, have landed upon our shores, illiterate and barbarous to a remarkable degree. And it is safe to infer that the new generation in many sections of the Union will be worse instructed than the last. The Democratic politicians drive the children from the schools, or would have them trained only in the politics and practices of the papal faction.

Possibly could JEFFERSON and ADAMS revisit their republic in 1876, the most startling trait in its condition would seem to them the rapid growth and powerful political influence of the ultramontane Church. They would be amazed, they would be terrified, to find a European priest still meddling with American politics, and controlling our Democratic politicians. What would they reply when the Pope demanded the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools, or the division of the school fund? With what indignation would they refuse to suffer any foreign power to touch the independence of the republic? With what contempt would they look upon a TILDEN, HENDRICKS, or THURMAN, who owe all their political influence to the support of the papal priests and their subservience to the ultramontane power? What would they say to the recreant German, the unreflecting Irish, and the small band of unpatriotic Americans who obey their ultramontane leaders, and form, in our Northern States, the entire Democratic party? How would FISHER AMES blush for the degeneracy of Connecticut, or CLINTON despise the modern Democrats of New York? What would be his surprise to find a Roman Catholic club nominating the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and two Democratic Conventions submitting successively at four years' interval to the dictation of their papal masters? In 1872 the priests and the *Catholic Telegraph* demanded the nomination of GREELEY. In 1876 they are still more resolute for TILDEN. The strongest and the chief support of the Democratic candidates at the North are the ultramontane clubs and sodalities, editors and newspapers. Every Roman Catholic influence is engaged in the cause of HENDRICKS and TILDEN. The Roman Catholic papers that rave over the sudden growth of Protestant churches and schools in the city of Rome, beneath the shadow of the Vatican, that plainly foretell a new reign of massacre and persecution in the Eternal City, that denounce incessant woes to free Italy or republican France, that insist upon Catholic unity in Spain, proclaim ruin and death to the German Empire, are the chief support of TILDEN. The papal bishops in Ohio or New Jersey, who hate knowledge with angry ardor and perfect openness, are all Democrats. The priests who cry out that it is far better that our children should remain ignorant than that they should be subjected to an American training are of the same faction. The great city of New York, subdued by an ultramontane conspiracy, reflects the politics and morals of the papacy, and places itself at the head of that reactionary movement which would banish forever the principles and the ideas of an ADAMS and a JEFFERSON.

No statesman can any longer overlook this strange phase in American politics. Our plain enemy, our pressing danger, is that foreign power which holds its chief centre in New York. Here its TILDEN, KELLY, WOOD, SEYMOUR, COX, and KERNAN gather their trained bands of ultramontane followers, whose immense majority overpowers the free and anti-sectarian sentiment of the rest of the State, and almost controls the whole Union. The press, society, morals, wealth, of the metropolis are all overshadowed and tainted by ultramontanism. Even its republicanism is often corrupted from this ever-flowing fount of decay. Our republicans suffer their public schools to languish, their children to learn foreign vices and European manners at papal seminaries, their sons to catch the taint of foreign despotism, because the busy ultramontanes pursue them with flatteries and bribes. Our disreputable officials, our incompetent school officers, our popular leaders, the early friends of our public robbers, our immense debt, oppressive taxation, intolerable government, are all the fruits of ultramontane tyranny and fraud. Here in New York, in fact, ultramontanism has pursued the same career which has proved so dangerous to the welfare of Europe, Canada, Mexico, South America. At its front, as ever, stand the Jesuits. The perpetual symbol, for three centuries, of political agitation, the ambitious order has made New York the centre of its intrigues on the Western continent. A hundred years and more ago the Parliament of Paris condemned the Society of the Jesuits as "a political body, of which the essence consists in perpetual attempts to attain, first, absolute independence, and in the end supreme authority." A century has passed; ultramontanism has become the rule of the Papal Church; the Jesuits lead the way; and already nearly every nation in Europe and America is torn by violent sectarian controversy, and threatened by the fierce ambition of the ultramontanes.

Already, in Europe, Belgium has fallen a prey to the vigorous and aggressive politics of the Jesuits. Antwerp, like New York, has become a stronghold of ultramontanism, and the recent riots that have disturbed its repose are no doubt due to the fanatical indiscretions of the priests. In France the two factions are arrayed against each other; on the one side the friends of toleration and knowledge, on the other the clerical enemies of progress and of freedom. In the recent election the papal priests openly proclaimed all republicans "murderers, assassins, thieves." The whole weight of the Jesuits and the Papal Church was thrown on the side of monarchy and despotism. The people tore off the yoke of the priests, and elected by a vast majority a republican House of Deputies. Their first step has been to propose a liberal system of education which shall be compulsory on all, and wholly free from the interference of priest or nun. But again in France ultramontanism, terrified at the notion of unsectarian education, its most hated foe, raises its hydra head. It threatens revolution, it menaces the republic, it is ready to strike. But Paris, unlike New York, is not an ultramontane city. Its students recently raised the well-known cry, "Down with the Jesuits!"

To Germany and the Germans the political power of the ultramontanes is ever a standing menace. In 1870 the Jesuits ruled France. NAPOLEON III., surrounded by his horde of ministerial robbers, the contemporaries and the models of the ultramontane officials of New York, was forced by the motley throng of priests and profligates into a war with Germany. For a moment the Papal Church rang with shouts of triumph. The ultramontanes of New York and San Francisco prepared to join in the plunder of Prussia, and the followers of TWEED and TILDEN were the warmest allies of the "Catholic" Emperor. No one has forgotten how the Irish of New York were stirred by their priests into a strange sympathy for despotism and France, how the New York *World* defended the doctrine of infallibility and the Napoleonic invasion, or how Tammany Hall foretold the victory of ultramontanism. Germany, crushed and bleeding, was to lie forever prostrate at the feet of the Jesuits and the Pope. In a moment their vision was dissipated. It was the Pope, the Jesuits, and their imperial protector who fell before Teutonic genius and the tide of modern progress. Mourning came upon Tammany Hall, and probably the dark portents of its own doom. TWEED, TILDEN, SWEENY, HOFFMAN, the chiefs or the instruments of the ultramontane faction, saw with shame the ruin of imperialism in Europe, and felt that the reign of terror they had established in New York might have as speedy a downfall. But the Jesuits whispered to them courage. Every Roman Catholic editor or orator proclaimed the virtues of TWEED and TILDEN. The ultramontanes still asserted that they would dash to pieces the frail fabric of the German Empire and restore the power of the papacy, would throw their infallible shield over the robbers of Paris and the robbers of New York. Nor have they been unsuccessful. In France they lost the empire; they have gained M'MAHON. They threaten the republic, they promise a new despotism, they still long for the plunder and degradation of the people. Their favorite instruments, the gamblers, the duelists, the profligates of Paris, await the summons to action. From Antwerp the ultramontanes alarm Germany. In the German Parliament a powerful ultramontane minority stimulates its followers to the verge of rebellion. In Catholic Spain they have destroyed a republic at the command of the Pope.

Such are the results of the labors within three years of the instruments or the chiefs of ultramontanism in Europe. The KERNANS and KELLYS, the TILDENS and HENDRICKS, of the Old World have proved their hatred for freedom and for knowledge by a common assault upon both. They strike down republics, they rise in revolt at the notion of free education. Do they mean any thing else in the New World? Do the Roman Catholic clubs, sodalities, editors, priests, who employ the Democratic leaders as their humble instruments, who forced TILDEN and HENDRICKS upon the St. Louis Convention as their chosen candidates, differ at all from their European allies? They would deny it themselves with violence. They are all the enemies of free education, and the servile tools of a foreign priest. It would be well for every Protestant and non-sectarian Democrat to consider, before he votes for Mr. TILDEN, how many years Mr. TILDEN has served the Roman Catholic faction in New York, and how closely he has been connected with all its usurpations, aggression, daring insolence, rebellion, pride. I hope to review this subject in succeeding papers.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST, 1876.

Sunday,	6.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	13.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	27.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	3.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	10.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	17.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday,	24.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	28.—St. Michael and All Angels.

THE famous Surrey Chapel, where ROWLAND HILL preached, has been vacated by the Rev. NEWMAN HALL and his congregation. The new edifice into which they have moved is known as Christ Church. It stands at the junction of the Westminster Bridge and Kensington roads, and is of octagon shape. In the centre of the front rises the Lincoln Tower (named after our deceased President) to the height of 200 feet. The entire cost of the church was £59,000. It was dedicated on the 4th of July, 2000 persons being present. Mr. HALL preached the sermon. After the sermon, in company with the ministers and a portion of the congregation, he proceeded to the room at the base of the tower, where suitable addresses were made. The Rev. Dr. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, formerly of this city, responded in behalf of Americans. Three times three cheers were given for the President and people of the United States.

The effort to save the Old South Church, in Boston, has attracted the attention of the whole country. The standing committee of the society has offered to leading gentlemen of Boston the option of taking the entire property at its assessed value ($420,000), any time before the 15th of September next. The committee state that "the Old South Society are in debt to the amount of about $400,000, which debt has been carried for some time by the personal responsibility of officers of the society." The necessity for selling is, therefore, apparent.

The ladies of Boston have undertaken the task of purchasing the land and the building. Should they fail to raise enough money to secure the land, they purpose to buy the building and re-erect it on other ground.

It is rumored in London that Father HYACINTHE is about to enter the Church of England. Father GAVAZZI, another distinguished ex-Catholic, will visit Australia.

The General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church, which met at Ottawa July 12, elected the Rev. SAMUEL FALLOWS, D.D., missionary bishop. Dean CRIDGE, of British Columbia, bishop elect of the Pacific coast, was consecrated during the session. Dr. FALLOWS was formerly a leading minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Wisconsin. He was, at one time, Superintendent of Education in that State. Latterly he has edited the *Appeal*, the Reformed Episcopal organ in the Northwest. The next meeting of the Council will be held in Philadelphia.

Mr. PHILIP PHILLIPS, who has since his long tour in India and Australia been universally known in England as "the Singing Pilgrim," is now holding song services in London. Religious song of the American type is just now greatly relished in England. Mr. PHILLIPS is attracting large numbers of hearers to his services.

On the day when the Pope completed the thirtieth year of his pontificate, the ultramontane papers of Rome appeared in gay borders and like decorations. The *Osservatore Romano*, which is usually described as official, had also the following: "Rome, from her seven hills, invokes thee, O Michael, prince of the angels, guardian of the Vatican citadel. To thee Rome, with grief deep buried in her heart, appeals that the Lernean Hydra, which has caused her so many disasters, and threatens disasters still greater, may be driven by thee to the nethermost depths of hell, or the day will never dawn upon her fraught with the joy she desires."

A bill has been brought into the British House of Lords for the further repression of the slave-trade in the interior of Africa. The trade is mainly in the hands of Arabs and East Indians. Many of the latter are subjects of princes tributary to the English crown, but it has been decided by the High Court of Bombay that they can not be tried for offenses against English law. The design of the new bill is to make them amenable to the English laws against slave-trading.

All places of summer resort, religious or secular, find this year the Centennial Exposition to be an overshadowing competitor. The numerous camp-meetings show, therefore, a diminished attendance. That at Round Lake, which has for its specialty the promotion of fraternal relations between the North and the South, was attended by many ministers, among them Bishops JANES, SIMPSON, FOSTER, and PECK. The South was represented by the Rev. Drs. J. B. M'FERRIN and DUNCAN. As we are predominantly international this year, there has been an International Sunday-school Parliament, which opened at Wellesley Island—one of the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence—on July 19. The addresses of the first day were made by speakers representative of Sunday-schools in Canada, Great Britain, Continental Europe, Syria, and the United States. The International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations also opened prosperously in Toronto.

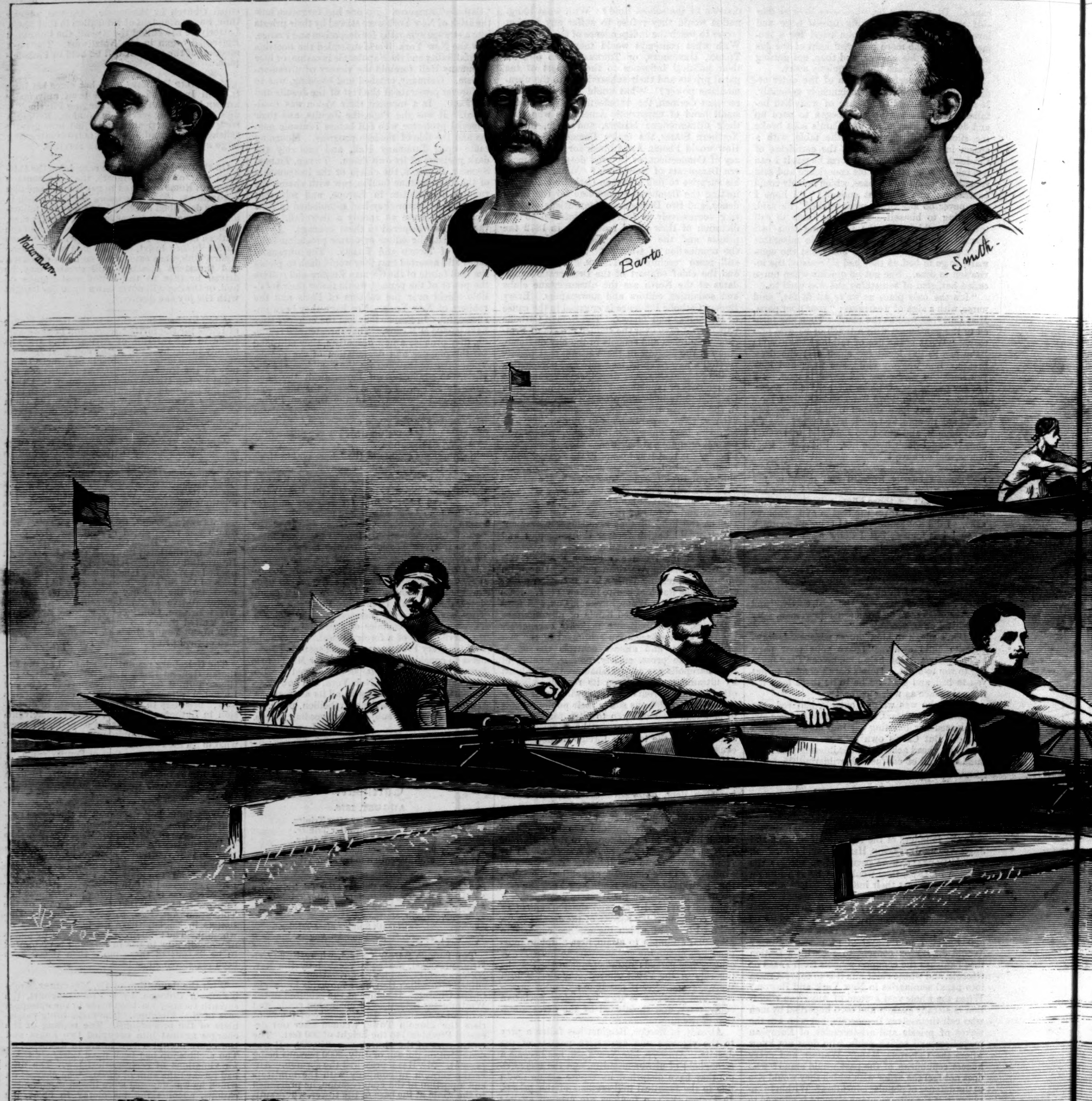
The Galesburg resolution, adopted by the Lutheran General Council last year, to wit, "Lutheran pulpits for Lutheran ministers only, and Lutheran altars for Lutheran communicants only," promises to be a fruitful cause of dissension in Lutheran churches. The Pennsylvania Synod recently interpreted it as being no more than a declaration of opinion, to be taken somewhat in "a Pickwickian sense." The New York Synod, which met after that of Pennsylvania, by a vote of 66 to 2, pronounced for its acceptance in its literal meaning. There appears to be a prospect of a lively discussion of this Galesburg rule.

A very important document is the paper presented to the British Parliament, entitled "A List of Places of Meeting for Religious Worship certified to the Registrar-General," from July 1, 1852, and on the register March 31, 1876. This is the list of the places of worship used by Dissenters from the national Church. For the period embraced within these dates the number registered was 18,723. Adding to them previous returns, it appears that from the date of the Toleration Act, 1688, to 1876, Protestant Dissenters in England have used 73,527 places of worship. The total number of Dissenting places of worship now in use in England is computed to be 28,000; of these more than 18,000 have been registered since 1852.

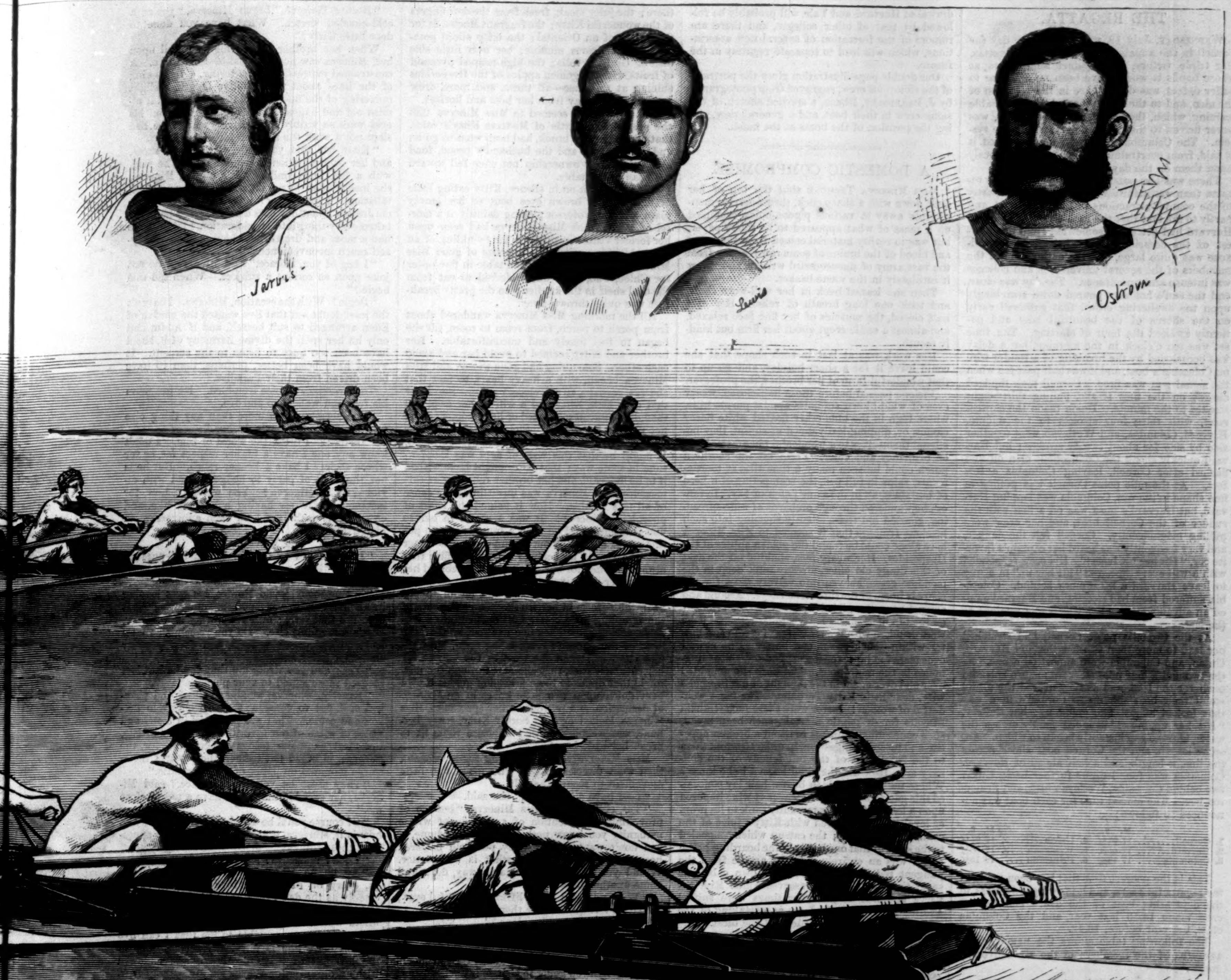
With the deposition of Dr. MELCHERS, Archbishop of Cologne, by a Prussian court, the seventh vacancy has been made in the episcopal sees of that kingdom. The mails bring particulars of the proceedings. The reading of the charges against him occupied two hours, and the court occupied two hours in deliberation. The archbishop had been fined thirty-six times for violations of ecclesiastical law. The fines had reached the sum of $7500. The charges on which he was deposed were illegal excommunications, encouraging his clergy to break the laws, and especially his uniting with other bishops in the memorial which declared their purpose to disregard the FALK legislation.

The Free Methodist Church, which was formed in 1860, reports for 1875 nine Conferences, 255 preachers, 10,000 members, church property of the value of $500,000, and two seminaries.

The National Synod of the "Christian Catholic Church" of Switzerland at its meeting in June defined with precision its position toward both the Church of Rome and the Old Catholics of Germany. There were present fifty clerical and one hundred and four lay delegates. The statistical report showed a total of fifty-five settled congregations and seventeen unions, embracing a population of 73,800 persons. The president declared the opinion of all when he said that the bishop of the "Christian Catholic Church of Switzerland must not be a lord over priests and people," and that he "may not be in any outward relation of obedience to any foreign spiritual or worldly potentate, and may not take an oath of fealty to such." This, he declared, was the breach with Rome, which must be made irrevocable. As to the relation of the Swiss to the German Old Catholic movement, it was explained that there was a good understanding between both, though they might not keep company at every step. Compulsion in confession and in celibacy was abolished. It was also ordered that public worship should be in the common tongue of the people. The new bishop, Dr. HERZOG, is a man of moderate views, and a friend of Bishop REINKENS.



THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA, SARATOGA LAKE, JULY 1[illegible] 1876—T



[...]1876—THE FINISH.—From Sketches by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 638.]

THE REGATTA.

WEDNESDAY, July 19, was a red-letter day for Cornell in the annals of intercollegiate regattas. Her triple victory, won against antagonists at whose hands it would have been no dishonor to suffer defeat, was due to care in the selection of the men, and to the most thorough and admirable training, which, though severe and exacting, was never driven to the point of overtasking the system. The Columbia University crew suffered, it is said, from overtraining, which told disastrously upon them on the day of the race.

There was less outside excitement over the regatta than was manifested last year, owing partly to the counter-attractions of the Centennial, and partly to the fact that the race between Yale and Harvard had detracted somewhat from the interest of the occasion. Nevertheless, the attendance was quite large, and the enthusiasm of the members of the several universities and colleges was intense and tumultuous. The day was clear, and the sun's hot rays poured down scorchingly upon the sweltering crowd that gathered early on the shores of the beautiful lake and patiently awaited the hour of starting. The time set was ten o'clock in the morning, but a delay was occasioned by the breaking of a rudder wire on Columbia's boat, and it was half past ten when the signal gun was fired. Cornell took the lead almost on the first stroke, pulling thirty-eight strokes to the minute. Union made the slowest start, with thirty-four strokes to the minute. Harvard, Columbia, and Wesleyan went together side by side for about twenty strokes; but Harvard quickly shook the Connecticut men off and dashed after Cornell, leaving Columbia a few feet. At the mile point Cornell was pulling in fine shape in the van, Columbia was lapping Harvard, but Harvard's nose was on a line with the rudder of the Cornell boat, and her crew were pulling magnificently. Cornell felt the danger, and very frequently was heard her captain's favorite cry, "Hit her up, boys!" His crew responded with a will every time, and "hit her up" in a way to leave Harvard a little more behind. Columbia suffered from bad steering, and Harvard gained an advantage over her which was retained to the last.

At the two-mile point Cornell had stretched her lead to more than two lengths, and Harvard, Union, and Columbia were almost on a line. At the two and a half mile Harvard made a splendid push for the lead, and as they neared the grand stand their boat slid up to Cornell's in a way that looked almost like going by; but the cry, "Hit her up, boys!" sounded gruffly across the water, and the gap instantly began to widen. Another length, and the Cornell boat slides across the line, a length and a half ahead of Harvard. Columbia was four lengths further back, Union two behind Columbia, Wesleyan fifth, and Princeton last. The official time for each boat was announced as follows:

	M.	S.		M.	S.
1. Cornell........	17	01½	4. Union.........	17	27½
2. Harvard........	17	05½	5. Wesleyan	17	58½
3. Columbia	17	18½	6. Princeton	18	10½

This is the poorest time that has been made in the regatta for years, and it is owing, doubtless, to the depressing heat of the day. The Cornell crew made 16.53 last year, and the Columbia crew, the year before, 16.42.

The following table shows the names, class, age, etc., of the members of the six University crews:

Name.	Class.	Age.	Weight.	Height.
CORNELL—1.				
J. S. Waterman, bow....	1877	22	150	5.07
D. O. Barto, No. 2........	1877	24	155	5.08
A. W. Smith, No. 3	1878	20	162	6.00
J. L. Jarvis, No. 4.........	1878	25	160	5.10½
J. Lewis, No. 5	1878	20	161	5.08
J. N. Ostrom, stroke.....	1876	25	166	5.10
HARVARD—2.				
E. D. Thayer, bow........	1876	20	159	5.09½
M. James, No. 2...........	1876	21	166	5.10½
J. C. Bolan, No. 3	1876	22	168	5.10½
M. R. Jacobs, No. 4......	1879	20	165	5.09½
W. M. LeMoyne, No. 5...	1878	21	163	5.08½
W. A. Bancroft, stroke ..	1878	21	156	5.09½
COLUMBIA—3.				
J. A. Sprague, bow.......	1876	21	146	5.08
E. E. Sage, No. 2.........	1877	21	156	6.00
J. G. Murphy, No. 3......	1877	26	160	5.09
G. M. Hammond, No. 4..	1878	19	180	6.02
C. S. Boyd, No. 5.........	1877	21	173	6.01
J. T. Goodwin, stroke ...	1876	24	151	5.10½
UNION—4.				
E. J. Babcock, bow.......	1876	26	140	5.07
H. C. Jagger, No. 2.......	1876	21	145	5.08
C. W. Vedder, No. 3......	1879	19	160	5.11
J. E. Bold, No. 4..........	1878	20	161	5.08½
P. F. Jenkins, No. 5......	1877	19	161	5.07½
T. D. B. Frear, stroke...	1876	21	152	5.06½
WESLEYAN—5.				
B. A. Rich, bow..........	1878	21	140	5.08½
W. E. Ward, No. 2	1877	22	135	5.08½
F. G. Holcomb, No. 3....	1876	23	145	5.10
E. L. Mead, No. 4.........	1878	20	144	5.08½
W. W. Vandusen, No. 5..	1879	22	145	5.08
H. Sewell, stroke.........	1876	21	149	5.09½
PRINCETON—6.				
C. Y. Green, bow.........	1877	20	137	5.07½
J. A. Campbell, No. 2....	1877	20	150	5.10
D. Stewart, No. 3.........	1878	20	155	5.10½
H. Stevenson, No. 4......	1878	20	162	5.10
W. B. Van Lennep, No. 5.	1876	22	167	6.01
Benjamin Nicol, stroke..	1877	20	150	5.11

The single scullers were called out immediately after the University race. They were H. A. DANFORTH, of Harvard, CHARLES S. FRANCIS, of Cornell, F. D. WEEKS, of Columbia, and GEORGE D. PARMLY, of Princeton, and they took positions in that order from west to east. The race was two miles in length. After a brilliant struggle the race was won by FRANCIS in 13.42½.

There was but little interest in the Freshmen's race, in which there were three contesting crews, Harvard, Cornell, and Columbia. The Cornell crew won easily in 17.23½.

It is thought very likely that this is to be the last regatta rowed under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association. The withdrawal of Harvard and Yale will probably be followed by that of other colleges, and there are rumors of the formation of several new associations, which will lead to separate regattas in the future.

Our double-page illustration gives the portraits of the victorious crew, engraved from photographs by J. BEARDSLEY, Ithaca, a spirited sketch of the same crew in their boat, and a general view, giving the position of the boats at the finish.

A DOMESTIC COMPROMISE.

MISS MINERVA TERHUNE shut the top of her desk down with a sharp click, thrust several manuscripts away in various pigeon-holes, crumpled up a mass of what appeared to be waste paper, but was in reality material coined from the sweat and blood of the brains of some raw recruits from the vast army of unsuccessful writers, and threw it ruthlessly in the waste-basket.

Then she leaned back in her well-worn chair, and took one long breath of relief. Her eyes half closed, the muscles of her fine face relaxed, and almost a smile crept about her firm but kindly mouth.

Her work was at last in such shape that she could leave it for a short holiday, and go up to that wonderful farm of her brother, the professor.

Visions passed before those half-closed, weary eyes of wind-blown summits amidst purple hills, where high in the blue ether floated white fleecy clouds, or, dipping lazily down at sunset, they bestirred themselves to a wonderful phantasmagoria of brilliancy and color. From off the southern porch could be seen many a time tilts at tournaments, ships in full sail, the scampering of a herd of buffaloes, all in the same patch of sky. In fancy she wandered through orchards of wide-spreading, gnarled old trees, silently ripening into such luscious fruitage that it seemed to Miss Minerva here alone could be found the golden apples of the Hesperides. Her weary feet, shaking off the dust of this dingy old office, already sank deep in the meadow grass, shaven into velvety moss for the shapely hoofs of the three Alderneys. Around and around spun the gilded weather-cock of a jockey on the top of Mistress Kitty's milk-house, as if he were drunken with the treasures of cream and butter within—such cream and butter as no mortal ever tasted in however well appointed a boarding-house in the metropolis. And here she delighted over and over again in the thought of her brother's wife, dear little Kitty Terhune. The most wonderful of women! Never were there such Graham biscuits for dyspeptic mortals, such bran bread, such concocting of dishes to mend a broken appetite and poisoned digestion, in order to tempt them to the enjoyment of the full felicity of the culinary art. How did the child learn all she knew? Where under that golden brown hair lay concealed this gastronomic lore? The port-wine imposed upon a long-suffering community sank to its proper level when compared with Kitty's juice of the common elderberry; the catsup which congealed to the sides of that one bottle in the boarding-house caster was an entirely different article from the pungent red liquid under Kitty's own cabalistic seal; the pickles and preserves which Miss Minerva shunned at all other times were sniffed and delighted in at the farm as partaking of the aromatic odors of the gardens of the blest.

The very next night Miss Minerva reached the farm; and as it was late, and she was travel-worn, she went straight to bed, sinking with luxurious ecstasy into the snow-white drapery, taking into her nostrils that intangible perfume of clean linen that lay in the folds of Mistress Kitty's sheets and pillow-cases; and pinning the muslin curtains back from the chamber windows, gazing her fill upon the soft luminous night. All the southern constellations were out in their fullest splendor, and shone down tenderly upon this paradisiacal home.

Miss Minerva was up betimes, and went down the back stairs to the kitchen with cheerful alacrity. Every thing there was, as usual, spick and span; the floor scoured skillfully; the tin and copper ware reflecting the somewhat rugged features of our literary friend with impartial severity.

Chloe was taking the Graham biscuits from the capacious oven, while Mistress Kitty herself dextrously transferred the smoking steak to its pretty porcelain plate. Could it be the savory steam that made her cheeks burn, her eyelids red? Could the handle be too hot, that her little hands trembled? And what made that little shake in her voice as she bade Chloe be careful with the coffee?

Miss Minerva's keen eyes fastened themselves upon the face of the young matron, and coming to the conclusion that something had gone amiss, she slipped out of the kitchen again.

"Some little experiment in gastronomy has failed," she said to herself, "or a new recipe has proved delusive. Time will soften the asperity of these disappointments;" and meeting her brother in the corridor, she found herself in his genial embrace.

These two, Professor Horace Terhune and his sister Minerva, were the last of their race, and though devotedly fond of each other, had drifted apart, each in their own way.

They spent about one month in the twelve together, and exchanged letters as often; but the sluggish blood in Miss Minerva's veins quickened as she kept the long slim hand of her brother in her clasp, and the handsome blue eyes of the professor glistened under his spectacles.

"You are pale," said Miss Minerva, scanning closely his patrician features. "You look worn, Horace. Are you well?"

"Quite well," he said; but his hand grew colder within her own as he spoke.

The breakfast table was so pretty a sight that it served to engross the attention of our city friend for a time. The white damask and sparkling crystal; the dainty devices of flowers here and there; the juicy steak, fresh from the deft fingers of the wonderful Kitty; the fragrant Mocha, fit for the palate of an Oriental; the crisp sliced potatoes; the delicious muffins; her own little side dish of Graham rolls; the high-heaped pyramid of fruits, with the golden apples of the Hesperides shining at the base—all these, and more, drew her keen eyes away from her host and hostess.

But it suddenly seemed to Miss Minerva that she missed the prattle of Mistress Kitty's voice, that, like a musical brook, had been wont to go on and on forever; and the husband's proud, fond glance of happy ownership not once fell toward the head of the table.

The meal went on in silence, Kitty eating little or nothing, her brown eyes bent to her empty plate, and the professor picking daintily at a morsel of meat which Miss Minerva had seen upon her former visits disappear in the twinkling of an eye. All this spoiled the appetite of good Miss Minerva, and the three left the table in fine order for Chloe, who, after all, preferred to eat from the deal shelf in the kitchen; so the pretty breakfast was quite thrown away.

All the morning Miss Minerva wandered about from porch to porch, from room to room, till she began to feel lonely and uncomfortable. Her brother and Kitty seemed to avoid her and avoid each other. Something had gone wrong, and Miss Minerva began, with a heavy heart, to fear that she was, perhaps, an unwelcome visitor. She knew that dear little Kitty had a will of her own, and though the warmest-hearted of little women, could not bear to be crossed. She also knew that her brother was firm and unyielding to stubbornness. It might be that this visit of hers was inopportune in some way; that Kitty might have wished it to be deferred, and her brother rebelling at this measure, Miss Minerva was unwittingly the cause of all this trouble. How it pained the heart of poor Miss Minerva! It was a shock to her to find that she could be such a nuisance as to put this sweet landscape out of tune. It was better that she should go back to her dingy office that always yearned for her coming, and welcomed her with rather intrusive zeal.

She went up to her room, and began to put back the parcels in her trunk. The chambers of the rambling little cottage all opened into a corridor, facing sometimes one another, so that, the door of the opposite room being open, Miss Minerva fancied, when she went to the bureau for her spectacle case, that she saw through the mirror in that opposite room a head of golden brown bent down upon two little knees in an attitude of desolation, and putting on her spectacles, Miss Minerva looked again. Surely Kitty, Kitty Terhune, was weeping in that opposite room fit to break her little heart.

Miss Minerva stood trembling for a moment, then went direct to Kitty, who made one little movement to recover herself.

"I—I have a headache," she said.

"Tut, child!" said Miss Minerva, "beware of provoking the attention of a malady of whose malignity you know nothing. Kitty Terhune, if you don't want to break my poor old battered heart, tell me this minute what is the matter. Would you rather I had staid away, dear, and come another time?"

"Why, no," said Kitty, lifting her tearful eyes; "he'd be left quite alone then."

"Who'd be left quite alone?"

"Why, Horace, your brother. He expects you to stay, you know, when I go."

"When you go where? What do you mean, Kitty? Are you going to visit your uncle Joshua, and homesick beforehand?"

"I—I'm going there to—to stay," sobbed Kitty. "I'm not going to live here any more."

"Is Horace about to break up housekeeping, and board with your uncle Joshua?"

"N-o-o; *I* am!"

"Kitty Terhune," said poor Miss Minerva, "if you don't want me to shake you, tell me what you mean. How, in the name of common-sense, can you break up housekeeping, if Horace doesn't? how can you board with your uncle Joshua if he keeps house?"

"Because, Minerva," said Kitty, setting her pale lips together—"because we are going to separate!"

"Kitty Terhune!"

"It won't be Kitty Terhune much longer. Your brother Horace has made a mistake; he finds that I am ignorant and stupid and unappreciative of his tastes, and I suppose I am. And I'm going home to Uncle Joshua; he's the only one that loves me in the world."

"Kitty! Kitty!"

"I know I'm ignorant and stupid, but it isn't very nice to tell me so."

"You are the wisest, the brightest, the best of little women!"

"Oh, Minerva," faltered Kitty, "I'm so glad you *do* love me a little, and you're not ashamed to own it. Your brother's so cold and cruel; he hates my dear good old uncle Joshua, and calls him dreadful names."

"Why, Kitty!"

"Yes, indeed; he said he was an old muff. I don't know what that is, but you must own, Minerva, that it don't sound very nice. And he won't have his picture in the sitting-room, and where my uncle Joshua's picture can't be, I sha'n't and won't!" And Kitty began to cry again.

Miss Minerva stood irresolute a moment, then going over to the unhappy little woman, gave her a hearty hug, and went off in search of that monster of a brother of hers.

She found him on the south porch, lazily watching the formation of a gigantic and wonderfully intricate spider's web, the proprietor of this architectural gossamer going on with his work as if accustomed to the presence of the professor, and seemingly spurred on by it to prodigious efforts.

"Easy, Min," said Horace, warningly, to his sister; "don't disturb this new project. I think it's an ingenious one for entangling wasps."

"Horace Terhune," began Minerva, "you're a cold-blooded wretch. What have you done to dear little Kitty?"

When her brother turned his face full upon her, Minerva saw nothing cold-blooded there. A constrained expression of suffering, a tightening of the lines about the sensitive mouth, a slight quivering of the nostrils, all these rendered it almost old and haggard; the crow's-feet about his eyes were so visibly deep, Minerva knew he had slept not a wink the night before.

"Kitty has told you, then, of her grievances, and her determination to avenge them," he said, with a sad little smile. "It's a pity, Minerva, she insists upon so public and noisy a way of retaliation. I expect we'll have that dear old Uncle Joshua about our ears directly. If I had only taken every thing into consideration, I might have had a moat and drawbridge here, and saved myself much inconvenience."

"I beg of you, Horace," said Minerva, "do not joke upon so serious a subject. When did this begin?"

"Begin! With the creation, Minerva. I haven't the least doubt but that Eve wanted the garden of Eden arranged to suit herself, and if Adam had only let her spoil the divine harmony of it, she'd have been too busy to listen to the serpent. It would have been better, perhaps, than to have been driven from their Paradise."

The professor's voice trembled. He got upon his feet and walked to and fro.

"She seems to feel more than any thing else your dislike to her uncle Joshua."

"Dislike! I think the world of him. I don't know any one I have a higher respect for, or for whose society I have a keener relish. But he is not the kind of party to hedge around with divinity, is he, Minerva? You wouldn't, now, for instance, advise my having a bust of him, and crowning it with laurel on each anniversary of his birth?"

"Well, no," said Minerva.

"It amounted to that in the main," pursued Horace. "Have you seen the library?"

"The sitting-room? No—"

"Sitting-room!" said Horace, his eyes leaping into a blaze. "How exasperating and ridiculous it is to use that term: either a library is a library, or it's something else. Do you remember that I had the apartment vaulted, and of a peculiar shape for busts and pictures?"

"Yes; and you wrote me that you had at last secured those suited to your purpose."

"Exactly, Minerva, at great mental and physical cost, not to consider the real outlay in dollars and cents. They are paintings in black and white of some of our favorite authors and artists, the most exquisite things conceivable for the purpose, in broad flat frames, the pictures themselves mounted on paper of negative tints."

"They must be very fine, Horace," said Minerva, her eyes kindling. "I have a treat before me."

"Of course you'll be delighted with them. Oh, how is it, Minerva, that she has no soul to appreciate these things?"

"Pooh! nonsense! she has."

"No, no, no, Minerva; she's a dear little woman, every bit of her. I love her, Min, as devotedly as the day I took her little hand in mine and chose her for my own before God and the whole world. I love her *more* than I did then. It does not seem possible to me that I can live without her. She is physically perfect—one of the loveliest of God's creatures, and endowed with an organization that is simply without flaw. She is most amazingly thrifty and industrious, a splendid logician for details, an excellent housewife, an inspired cook, has a quick and infallible eye for all the amenities of life. I believe she is faithful, affectionate; but you know the Italian motto, 'Every medal has its reverse.' Her reverse is a blank! The æsthetic portion of her soul is as uncultivated as a barren moor—completely unexplored. If I read to her, she goes to sleep; if I talk to her, she is either ignorantly impatient with my subject or stupidly indifferent."

"A calumny, a vile calumny!" broke in Minerva—"unless you chose to read her some paper of your own on fossil development, or talked to her about something that shocked the dear child's simple faith in God and humanity, or a rhodomontade that she couldn't get into her sensible little head. She never goes to sleep or flies into a passion when *I* read or talk to her. I choose something not suited to my taste alone, perhaps, but a subject more comprehensive or more amusing, to please us both. The fact is, I humor her a little, as you ought to have done."

"As I *have* done, Heaven knows. Why, Minerva, to go back to the battle-ground, I asked her, I coaxed her, to make the library as much her own as mine, to render it as delightful as possible for both of us. I certainly winced a little when she put flimsy curtains to the windows. I was pained when my Canton matting, so soft and smooth, of that cold French gray that blends so well with books and pictures, was patched over with a drugget composed of the most villainous dye-stuffs, brick reds, bright yellows, and blues that poison the sight. I would have preferred a quiet easy-chair to that abominable zigzag of a rocker of hers. I have been absolutely tortured by her persistently vindictive canary, in a gilded cage, suspended by a scarlet cord from one corner of the room. I manage to smother his shrieks in the daytime by shutting out the sunlight and covering his cage with the gaudy trappings of her sewing-table, but at night, under cover of his mistress's presence, he comes forth like a nightingale, and,

> 'In ceaseless voice, tries the spring night over,
> Like a tune,
> Beneath the vernal moon.'

His 'stanchless song' is something wonderful in its persistency. All these have I borne like a martyr; but the hanging of my pictures was the last straw that broke the camel's back. She de-

clared that never had she seen such hideous faces in such ugly frames; that she had always supposed a painting was composed of color, but these grim cold lines of black and white so spoiled her ideal of some of these writers that she would not have seen them for twice the sum they cost me; that she could not sit in a room where she was the focus of so many ugly eyes—and mark you, Minerva, among these eyes are those of Margaret Fuller and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. She found fault with Miss Bremer's nose, and insisted that Miss Martineau so resembled our dreadful Aunt Betsy it was like having her to live with us again. All this while I said not a word, but hung my pictures as I thought best, taking down, of course, all others from the walls that I knew would spoil the general effect. At last, Minerva, I came to Uncle Joshua. Now I ask you, in all candor, could I let him remain? Was it possible between Hiram Powers and Tennyson to have his bald, bulky head, his protruding lips, and unctuous chuckle? I took him down; and Kitty, who, I veritably believe, had been waiting for the deed, and would have been disappointed if it had not been done—Kitty burst out crying, and declared that it was an insult to her and to him to thus put his dear old face to the wall, and that where he wasn't good enough to remain, she wasn't. I remonstrated with her. I asked her to consider how incongruous it was to place even the dearest personality in such close contiguity to distinction. People would ask naturally who he was, expecting to hear of at least a respectable architect or inventor; but to be compelled to say he was my wife's uncle Joshua was too humiliating. It was not to be borne. I implored her to hang him in the drawing-room, in one of the spare chambers, in the turret at the end of the garden, any where but in the library.

"You know the result, Minerva: she insisted upon his occupying what she called a post of honor. I declined to give him the space required, and you know the rest. It is hard; it is, in fact, the wrenching of half my life away; but we must do the best we can—for of course you will remain with me."

"I?"

"Why, you certainly have some bowels of compassion, Minerva. I must have somebody to keep house."

"And you think I can do it? You flatter me, Horace. See here, my brother: if the engineer of an express train, by some inscrutable decree of Providence, were suddenly stricken dead, and I happened to be traveling in the ladies' car, do you think the passengers would be contented to have me take the vacant place at the engine?"

Horace drew down his lips contemptuously. "It is not a parallel case," he said.

"There is just as much brain-work in Kitty's housekeeping," said Minerva, "and I know as little about it as yonder spider. And, by-the-way, how he is getting on! Do you suppose I'd ever have the heart to tell a house-maid to sweep all that away? I know that our worthy friend is exhausting all his ready material in that magnificent web—that he could not spin another one just now to save himself from starvation. Kitty is happily ignorant of the merciful side in a spider's case, and away would go the magic weaving. I'll stay, of course, but we'll be hemmed in with cobwebs. And what with badly cooked food and poisonous compounds, we'll get to hating each other and the whole world through the powerful agency of dyspepsia. Why, Horace, I am at this moment a mere wreck of anatomy. I came here, as I do always, to be bolstered up by Kitty's ingenious and wonderful aids for the recuperation of an exhausted vitality. Her incomparable loveliness, her charm of manner, her artless innocence and good common-sense, her bran bread, her Graham biscuits, clotted cream, and fragrant Mocha, her delicious gravies alone, to one who outside these walls never dares look at such things, are pricelessly precious. I listen to the child's simple expounding of her domestic lore, but I learn nothing. It can not be learned; it is an inspiration. I can appreciate, admire, but I remain outside the charmed circle."

Horace sighed heavily.

"And yet," he said, "you have so clear an intellect, so artistic an appreciation, so capable and profound a judgment—the fact is, Minerva," said the professor, with a grimace of impatience, "you must be the other side of Kitty's medal."

At that moment a crash fell upon their ears, like that of a miniature earthquake. Something had fallen up stairs; a chimney had tumbled in, or perhaps the side of a wall. Horace made one bound for the stairs, and Minerva followed. When she had reached the third step, Horace was already at the top, and she heard his agonized cry of, "My life! my love!"

This cry of love in terror accelerated the footsteps of Minerva to the scene of disaster. It lay in the chamber of the young couple, where she had left Kitty in such dire distress.

But the bureau had been pushed aside. At the top of the wall was a stout iron hook, from which dangled a thick cord. The débris of a step-ladder was tumbled in a heap on the floor, and Kitty lay insensible in her husband's arms.

Horace looked at the cold white face of his wife and the petrified one of his sister.

"Do you think it possible she could have thus deliberately—" whispered Minerva.

"Don't! hush!" said Horace, hoarsely. "To what fatal deed have I driven this poor child?"

But Kitty stirred in his arms, a faint color crept into her cheeks, her white lids slowly lifted, and her tender brown eyes fell timidly on the terror and love stricken ones of her husband. A shy, tremulous joy began to dawn in her face; the two dimples in her rounded cheeks deepened happily.

"It didn't hurt me much, dear," she said, nestling closer and closer in Horace's warm embrace; "I only bumped my head and grazed my arm."

Then finding that he only pressed her closer and closer, and that Minerva's face was stony in its expression, Kitty began to be frightened.

"Have I hurt myself?" she cried. "Have I broken my nose, or put out my eye? I was trying to hang Uncle Joshua's picture."

"Oh!" chorused Horace and Minerva, exchanging a glance of unspeakable relief.

"I got tired of being unhappy. I wanted to begin canning my fruit to-day; and I just made up my mind that dear old Uncle Joshua would be much more comfortable up here, where I could bid him good-night and good-morning, than in that distinguished company down stairs. The women are all so dreadfully ugly, and the men so grim and unsociable. I know he'd rather be with me. I've been thinking that perhaps I was wrong; and if Minerva will help me, we'll just fix the library to suit Horace, and take the little south parlor with the bay-window for a sitting-room. It's the prettiest room in the house, and I always thought the library had a cold light."

"You dear, dear little woman!" said Horace.

When Kitty made up her mind to a thing, it was immediately put upon the tapis. She slipped down out of her husband's arms, and went about the work directly. Horace had as much as he could do to help them in removing Kitty's obnoxious treasures from his cherished library.

But somehow every tack he lifted from the gaudy drugget went to his heart. When he carried her rocking-chair across the hall, he was wretchedly ill at ease, and felt despoiled when the flimsy lace curtains were taken from the windows. At last he carried the gilded cage of Pip, the canary, to his mistress's sanctum, and hung his crimson cord from the sunniest corner, where his little sharp eyes could have the pick of the full fruition of beauty from that bay-window: the sun flooding the whole landscape—misty mountain-tops and purple vales, the wild moorland beyond, the ripening orchards close by; shining down upon Kitty's own little domestic garden of rosemary and thyme and all the sweet-scented herbs; shimmering into threads of gold the wonderful web beneath the window, and sending one bright ray straight into Pip's cage. That ill-used bird put his head on one side, looked at the brilliant slant of light, and burst into a tremendous carol of joy and thanksgiving.

It was more than Horace could bear. He walked sadly over to his own den across the hall. There it was, just as his fancy had painted it so vainly and so often. The cold gray matting covered the floor; the windows of plate-glass were undisturbed by drapery of any kind; the busts of his idols sat stolid and severe upon their pedestals; the faces of distinction in their plain flat frames, it seemed to Horace, looked ferociously upon each other and remorsefully upon him. Shelf after shelf of books, some stiffly erect, some lying prone upon their faces, others in drunken attitudes of negligence, reminded Horace of a catacomb he had seen somewhere of demoralized death's-heads. He shut the door, and went out in the kitchen to watch Kitty can her fruit. Minerva was already there, sitting in an easy-chair in the doorway, with that placid look of comfort on her face that it alone wore when with Kitty at the farm.

In the tender light of the waning afternoon it seemed to Horace he had never seen that rested look so plain in the dear face of his sister. As for Kitty, with a dainty dimity bib brought up close to her chin, and her rounded arms bare above the elbows, a look of pretty prim importance upon her rosy flushed face, it was all like one of Greuze's best efforts, and Horace lingered long to enjoy the artistic effect.

But at night, when they thought he was safe among his favorites in the library enjoying some abstruse thought; when the astral lamp was lighted in the bright little sitting-room, and Pip was sound asleep on one leg, with his head under his wing; when Kitty, all daintily dressed in white, with ribbons in her hair, and flowers at her neck, and one of Horace's stockings impaled upon a mock-orange ready for darning, and Minerva, in her best black silk and softest laces, was telling her of Tennyson's drama of *Queen Mary*—they saw a shadow upon the wall, and looking up, found Horace standing in the doorway, looking like an intruder, guilty and confused, but pleadingly as the Peri at the gates of Paradise.

"Would you mind reading us a bit of Tennyson's *Mary?*" said Minerva, mercifully. "Kitty wants to hear about it, and Tennyson tells it so much better than I can."

Horace hastened away to his cold, grim library, and, without disturbing one of his musty tomes, going out again softly, as if not to hinder the repose of the great company there, went away with Tennyson to the sanctum of his wife. The "bit" of Tennyson lengthened itself to the whole little volume. The stocking remained impaled upon the mock-orange, Kitty's hands lay folded in her lap, her eyes, kindling with enthusiasm or tearful with pity, were fixed upon her husband.

"Poor, poor queen!" she said at last. "I'd rather be Kitty Terhune."

Minerva, as she went up to her bed-chamber that night, smiled significantly.

"We'll give you a warm welcome, Aunt Minerva," ran the last letter of the professor, who, since the birth of his boy, delighted to add this little honor to her name. "Your easy-chair is in the sunniest corner of Kitty's sanctum, right under your friend Pip, whose songs you profess to admire. It's the same bright little snuggery as of old, only a few book-shelves are in the corner now, and Kitty has her friends Charlotte Brontë and Fredrika Bremer over on a visit from the library. They look as if they were having a nice time, though Uncle Joshua beams benevolently upon them both from over the mantel-piece. Between you and me, I don't blame them a bit: the library, I find, has, as Kitty says, a very cold light."

When Minerva folded the professor's letter away, she still smiled significantly.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A DANISH expedition has lately been organized for the purpose of exploring certain portions of Iceland, especially that which constituted the scene of the late volcanic eruption. Professor JONSTRUP, M. FIELDBERG, surveyor, and M. GROULUND, botanist, accompany the party. In Iceland these gentlemen are to be joined by Lieutenant NJDAL, of the Danish gun-boat on the station.

Dr. EDMOND PERRIER, formerly assistant naturalist of the Garden of Plants, has lately been appointed to the chair of the invertebrata as successor of DESHAYES, whose death we have had occasion recently to announce. Dr. PERRIER is a pupil of LACAZE-DUTHIERS, and has already done excellent work in the department of the echinoderms.

We are happy to announce the capture in a gill net at Middle Haddam, in the Connecticut River, on the 24th of June last, of a superb salmon weighing eighteen and a half pounds. It is well known that the Connecticut, up to the early portion of the present century, abounded in salmon—to such an extent, indeed, that the usual plea was made by paupers and apprentices that they should not be obliged to eat them more than two or three times in a week. For many years, however, the fish has been entirely exterminated there, and there was no hope for a restoration except as the result of the action of the State Fish Commissioners in introducing the young fry into various parts of the stream. Judging from the size, it is probable that the fish now taken is one of the 30,000 fry placed in Williams River, in Vermont, in 1870, and it is to be hoped that more of this crop, as well as of the succeeding, will make their appearance. Several millions of young fish have been placed in the Connecticut, most of which, however, will not be due for a year or two. The specimen in question was sold for ten dollars in the Hartford market.

A report has just been received of the result of an exploration of Lake Nyassa in a steam-launch by Mr. E. YOUNG, accompanied by a map of the lake. Proceeding along the easterly side of the lake, the remarkable discovery was made that the lake extends northward for fully 100 miles beyond the point at which LIVINGSTONE supposed it to terminate, reaching to the ninth degree of south latitude, or to within a short distance of the latitude of the south end of Lake Tanganyika.

Mr. YOUNG learned that the river named the Rovurna flows out at the north end of Nyassa. As, however, an outlet at the south end has been established, it is considered rather doubtful whether there can be a second at the opposite extremity.

According to the report of the LIVINGSTONE mission on Lake Nyassa, this body of water has a coast-line of not less than 800 miles and an average depth of over 100 fathoms. At the northeast end a range of mountains extends along the lake for 100 miles, ranging in height from 10,000 to 12,000 feet.

Dr. ASCHERSON has returned from his trip to the Little Oasis, where he found plants indigenous to Central Asia, but not met with either in the valley of the Nile or in the deserts to the east of it.

For some time past the Norwegian authorities have been engaged in preparing for a deep-sea exploring expedition, something on the plan of that of the *Challenger*, a cruise of three years being contemplated, for the purpose of investigating the region of the sea bed bounded by Norway, the Shetlands, Faroes, Iceland, the ice of East Greenland, Jan-Mayen, and Spitzbergen—a vast area of which but little is known definitely. An appropriation was made in 1875 by the Storthing, and a second in 1876, so that funds are assured for two years.

A steamer, the *Vorningen*, of 400 tons burden, has been hired, and will probably shortly sail under command of Captain WILLE. The scientific staff consists of Professor SARS, Dr. DANIELSEN, and M. FRIDE as biologist. Captain WILLE has charge of the deep-sea soundings and magnetic observations; M. SVENDSEN, of chemistry; and Professor MOHN, of the physics, sea temperature, meteorology, and magnetism.

The expedition will first call at Utvoer, a group of small islands at the mouth of the Sogne fiord, to make the necessary magnetical base observations; after which they will call at Christiansund to coal, and thence proceed to the "Lightning" Channel, between Shetland and the Faroes. A magnetical base will again be made at Reikiavik, and thence it is proposed to proceed to the west and north of Iceland, and to run a line of soundings to the Norwegian coast north of Drontheim.

Since the death of CROCÉ-SPINELLA and SIVEL, the taste for balloon ascensions, so far from diminishing, seems to have received a new impetus in France, in all parts of which country ascensions have taken place very frequently of late. The greater part of the aeronauts content themselves with sending some account of their voyages to the local press; but such accounts, however brilliant they may be in a literary point of view, are of little use to meteorological studies. The French Society for the Promotion of Aerial Investigation have consequently requested all the aeronauts of that country to send to it, as the central bureau, careful accounts of the voyages made by the aeronauts, giving the barometric heights, the direction and velocity of the winds and clouds as well as of the balloon, the temperatures, and, if possible, the hygrometric conditions. By thus centralizing the observations, it is believed that a great service will be rendered to meteorology. And similarly it is earnestly to be desired that the aeronauts of America, both professional and amateur, would communicate to some central body—than which none can be more appropriate than the Army Weather Bureau—the exact results of their various ascensions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A STORY is told of the late Dr. Andrew Thomson, that, when he was a student, he came to his father one day in great glee to announce the death of the grave-digger. On being rebuked for his levity, he said, by way of justification, "You see, father, you are the minister, and Will [his brother] is the dominie; and if I could get on to succeed the grave-digger, we would hae it a' among us."

When can a lamp be said to be in a bad temper?—When it is put out.

A Chicago lady, whose lord and master indulges rather freely in the convivial glass, says he is a kind but "indulgent" husband.

The spelling bee is wanted in Cincinnati, as the *Times* of that place gives some examples from personal experience. A young lawyer left upon his door this mysterious legend, "Gone to brexfus." A jury handed up to the judge a communication indorsed, "To the onorable gug." The proprietor of a country store received this note from one of his customers, "Mister Cream, Wunt you let my boay hev a pare of Easy shuz?" "This house for sail," was the announcement nailed over the door of a humble dwelling.

When a boy is ordered, against his will, to take the coal-scuttle down stairs and fill it, it is astonishing the number of articles he will accidentally strike that scuttle against before getting back.

It is suggested that the darky's description of his coon-trap fits the St. Louis platform uncommonly well: "It's got a spring at bofe ends, and can kotch de coon a-gwine or a-comin'."

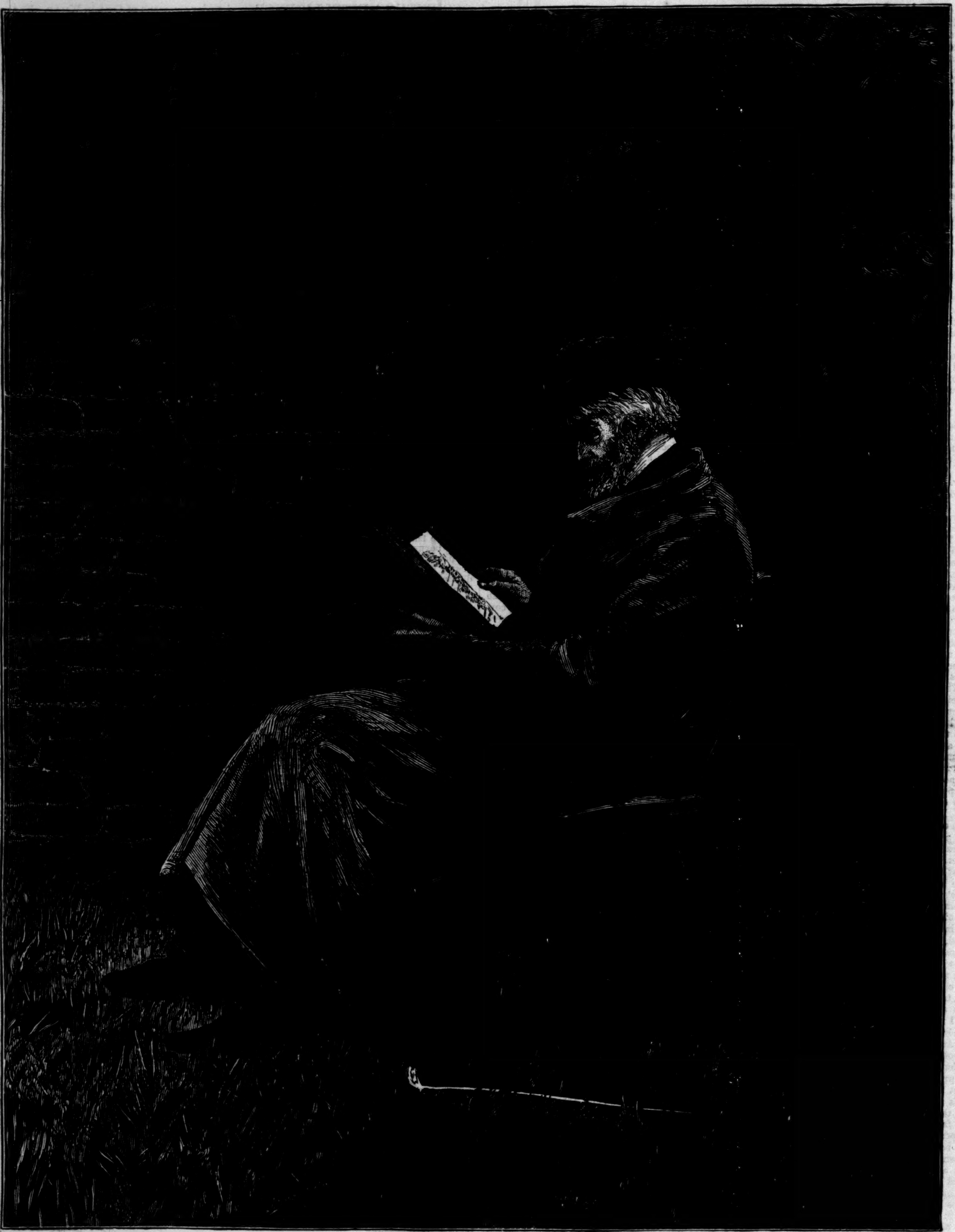
Why is the tailor the poor man's best friend?—Because he settles the rents.

Pawnbrokers have never been described as the pioneers of progress, although it must be admitted that they are always ready to make an advance.

An Irish baronet had so many rabbits on his property that he made candles of their fat. "And to prove the fact," said he, "the moment a terrier dog came into the room, the candles immediately began to run."

THEY PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

"We fear that Governor TILDEN and Governor HENDRICKS are straining themselves unnecessarily and unprofitably."—*New York Tribune.*



THOMAS CARLYLE.—[A Sketch from Life.]

CARLYLE AT HOME.

Our readers can not fail to be interested in this picture, sketched from life, of the venerable essayist and historian, Thomas Carlyle, seated in his garden at Chelsea. This is his favorite spot for retirement when the labors of the day are over, and here he delights to receive and entertain those who have the rare good fortune to be numbered among his intimate friends. Those who know him best—among them some who still remember the magic of Coleridge's talks—say that they never knew what "table-talk" could be until they had listened to Thomas Carlyle, seated, pipe in mouth, under an awning in the garden of his modest home. Carlyle is an inveterate smoker. Like Tennyson, he prefers a long clay pipe, and Virginia or North Carolina tobacco, to any other form of using the weed which King James anathematized. In our picture he appears to have had out his smoke. His pipe lies on the grass beside his chair, while he pores over the pages of some old book.

Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclesfechan, Dumfries-shire, Scotland, on the 4th of December, 1795. After graduating at the University of Edinburgh, at the age of eighteen, he taught school at Kirkcaldy for several years with Edward Irving, who was three years his senior. He had been destined for the ministry; but on arriving at the age of twenty-three, he was not sure that he fully believed in the doctrines of the Kirk of Scotland, and it was needful that he should now settle it. "And so," he says, "I entered my chamber and closed the door, and around me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, fear, unbelief, mockery, and scoffing were there, and I wrestled with them in agony of spirit. Thus it was for weeks. Whether I ate I know not; whether I drank I know not; whether I slept I know not. But I know that when I came forth again it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical arrangement called a stomach." This terrible experience fastened upon him the chronic dyspepsia which has been the torment of his life.

Having determined not to enter the ministry, Carlyle became for a time a tutor in a private family, and made himself master of the German language and literature. He then settled in Edinburgh, and entered upon the steady pursuit of the profession of authorship, or, as he phrased it, that of "a writer of books," in which he has achieved a fame second to that of no other writer of this century. In 1826, having already published a life of Schiller, a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and several other books, he married Jane Welch, a lineal descendant of John Knox. For the next six years he lived on a secluded estate in the wildest part of Dumfries-shire, fifteen miles from a town, where he studied, thought, and wrote with tireless activity. In 1832 Carlyle went to London with the manuscript of *Sartor Resartus*, and took up his residence in a modest house in Chelsea, where he has lived ever since. There he produced his *Essays*, his *French Revolution*, his *Oliver Cromwell*, and his *Frederick the Great*. He is still, in his eighty-first year, clear-headed and mentally vigorous, but his literary career is probably closed.

HAREM LIFE—THE DINNER.

The most curious features in the life of Eastern women, as every body is aware, are their utter isolation from male society other than that of their husbands, the hiding of the face in public, and their non-participation in any festivals or entertainments where men may be. The Turk expects his wife to occupy her own separate apartments, posed to pass into the men's apartments, is never allowed to see even her husband's nearest male relatives, and, with the exception of her son, if she have one, passes her life without the slightest knowledge of any other man than her legal possessor. Even of his society she receives but a limited share. It may be that there are other claimants who have an equal right, though, as a general thing, the Turk does not avail himself of master of the house to join his wife. He usually prefers to dine in his own division of the house, where he entertains his elder sons and male relatives, together with friends and acquaintances. Thus dinner-time in the harem partakes of the same dullness and want of excitement that characterizes the rest of the day. Our illustration on this page shows the female portion of an Eastern household seated around the curious article of around it can reach without difficulty the dish placed in the centre. Each person is provided with two spoons and a large piece of unleavened bread, and the latter is frequently impressed into service in helping to convey the dripping pieces of meat from the main dish to the plates. In some cases, however, the assistance of both bread and spoons is disregarded, and recourse is had to the primitive plan of eating with the fingers.

HAREM LIFE IN TURKEY—THE DINNER.

distinct from his—the harem, where she and her female attendants, superintended by a eunuch as a guard, pass all their time, eat and sleep, work or play. His own apartments, where he transacts his business, amuses himself, and receives his friends, are in another part of the house, a door, of which he keeps the key, giving access from one division to the other. The wife is never sup-

his privileges in the way of an accumulation of wives. In the first place, it is too expensive, for each must have her separate apartments and separate slaves; and, in the second place, the difficulty of keeping peace between them, when under the same roof, is in itself a discouragement to polygamy.

Even at meal-time it is not the custom of the

furniture which in Turkey serves as a dining table upon ordinary occasions. It consists of a metal disk raised a few feet from the ground by a low stool upon which it rests. The metal is usually brass, though in families of wealth instances are not rare where the dining disk of the harem is of solid silver. The diameter is about four feet, so that the ladies who are seated

Turkish ladies, as a general thing, have exquisitely delicate hands, which they are always careful to wash before coming to the table; and as good manners forbid any unseemly trespassing on what may be called a neighbor's "diggings," the process of eating with the fingers is not altogether as repulsive as may be at first imagined. The food is taken delicately between the two

first fingers and the thumb of the right hand, the left hand never coming into use except in moments of urgent necessity, such as the dismemberment of a fowl.

An ordinary Turkish dinner usually begins with a white chicken soup and the roast, for there is rarely more than one appears early in the meal. This will sometimes prove to be a lamb dressed whole, stuffed with rice, currants, spices, pistachio and fir nuts. In the absence of knife and fork, this gala dish is rather appalling to the uninitiated, but it is marvelous to note the success of spirited and combined action on the part of those around the table. The tender meat falls into fragments almost before the visitor has time to wonder how the attack will be opened up. The rest of the dishes, frequently changed fifteen or twenty times, consist principally of vegetables stewed with bits of meat or fowl, varied by fish and pastry both sweet and savory. Besides these there is the *yaourt*, or sour milk, salad, sardines, caviare, tiny slices of mutton, ham, cheese, strong pickles, and any variety of fruit, according to the season. The principal lady at the feast, who, when it comprises only the family circle, is always the mother of the master of the house, if she be living, opens proceedings by taking the first dip, using as she does so a Turkish phrase which means, "Pray serve yourselves." This peculiar custom owes its origin to the fear of poison so common in the East, which exacts that the host or hostess shall be the first to partake of every dish.

The dinners for the harem are always prepared for the great part, if not entirely, in the kitchens attached to the *Selamlik* or male division of the house. From these the several dishes are carried upon the heads of stout men, and deposited upon the ground just within the precincts of the harem, due notice being given to the inmates by the cry of "Destour! destour!" in order that they may make themselves invisible until the porters have withdrawn. This practice of sending out dinners already cooked is carried on to a great extent among wealthy families. As the hour of sunset draws near, processions of these *aivas* (messengers) may be seen branching off in different directions from the quarter of the kitchens, bearing on their heads ponderous trays, closely covered with leather or woolen. The Sultan is supposed to furnish the table of every member of his family, even of such as are married and have their homes at several miles' distance from the Seraglio. One princely family receives twice a day from the kitchens of the great palace breakfast and dinner for two hundred people. These repasts are conveyed ten or twelve miles by carriage or caique, according to the state of the Bosphorus.

After the conclusion of a meal in the harem, the sipping of coffee and sherbet, and the stowing away of sweetmeats below the capacious girdles of the corpulent Turkish women, go steadily on beneath a bluish cloud of fragrant smoke that rises like incense from the graceful chibouques, whose amber mouth-pieces the lips of the fair ones are persistently pressing, until old King Frederick William of Prussia, were he to rise among them, might fancy himself again with his old "Tobacco Parliament," with the bearded Teutons that composed it transformed into beautiful houris.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The total number of deaths reported in New York city for the week ending at noon of July 15 was 1298. Of this number, 631 died from cholera morbus, cholera infantum, dysentery, and kindred diseases. No less than 605 of these were children under five years of age. The entire number of children under five years of age whose deaths were reported during the week, from all causes, was 862—an appalling number, and 649 of these were infants not one year old. The long heated term resulted in a fearful "slaughter of the innocents." The greatest mortality was among infants in tenement-houses, where food and ventilation were poor. During the summer in the city the little ones should receive every care that it is possible to give them. They should be kept out of the excessive heat so far as may be, taken upon the water, and sponged with tepid water morning and evening. Milk and all food should be fresh, fruit should not be given to young infants, and immediate medical care should follow the slightest indication of diarrhœal disease. Unsuitable food is one great evil. Every day, when in the streets, cars, and ferry-boats, one sees nurses and even mothers giving to their little children sundry articles of food which a well-informed person would suppose might reasonably produce cholera infantum. Suitable food, good air, proper clothing, and cleanliness—these are the main points to be observed in the care of young children during hot weather, as indeed at all times. The highest death rate during the past ten years in this city was during the first week in July, 1872, when 1591 deaths were registered. The mean temperature for that week was not greater than that which prevailed during the second week of July this year, but the weather was damp, and consequently the heat more fatal.

It is related in a Poughkeepsie paper that on July 9, the hottest day of the long "heated term," four citizens of that town passed through the "Stony Clove," Catskill Mountains, about noon, and ten feet from the roadway, where the thermometer stood at 100 degrees, in a rocky chasm, the breath of the travelers became frosted, and a large piece of ice was chipped from the main bowlder of ice in the chasm. Ice is to be found in the "Clove" all the year round.

Coney Island would be a most delightful resort for the citizens of New York, were it not infested by roughs and rowdies, who make it disagreeable and oftentimes unsafe for quiet, respectable people. Such an accessible bathing-place should be so protected as to be an available resort for others besides the roughest classes.

The poor horses on the car and stage routes of the city have suffered seriously from the protracted heat of the summer. They are liable to sun-stroke and colic; they lose their appetite, and can not sleep in the close stables. Good ventilation is a requisite for beast as well as man. On many of the lines of cars the greatest care is taken of the horses; they are examined when they reach their stables, sponged, judiciously watered; and in some of the large stables a steam-engine is kept constantly blowing cold air through the passageways to keep the horses cool.

On a recent hot Saturday night it was estimated that 3000 poor people slept in the Battery Park. Their own close tenement lodgings were suffocating, and whole families camped on the grass.

According to recent statements, the White House, in Washington, is by no means a desirable residence, especially in the summer season. In fact, if a President of these United States is to be obliged to reside in the Executive Mansion, that post of honor can scarcely be craved by any one. The grounds at the rear of the house run down to the edge of the Potomac River, which at that point is little better than a stagnant marsh. At all seasons of the year malaria arises, and when summer heats render the decaying vegetation putrid, the malarial poison constantly penetrates the windows of the Presidential mansion. Moreover, the building is by no means supplied with the conveniences of modern times. The sewerage is defective, the supply of water is often inadequate, and rats abound.

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People should be on their guard against the statements of interested parties—agents of several rival companies—who impudently claim the "Automatic Tension" and other features of the Wilcox & Gibbs new and wonderful automatic sewing-machine for their old style contrivances. The public, whether sewing-machine buyers or not, are cordially invited to examine this marvel of sewing mechanism. On exhibition at Machinery Hall, Philadelphia, and No. 658 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

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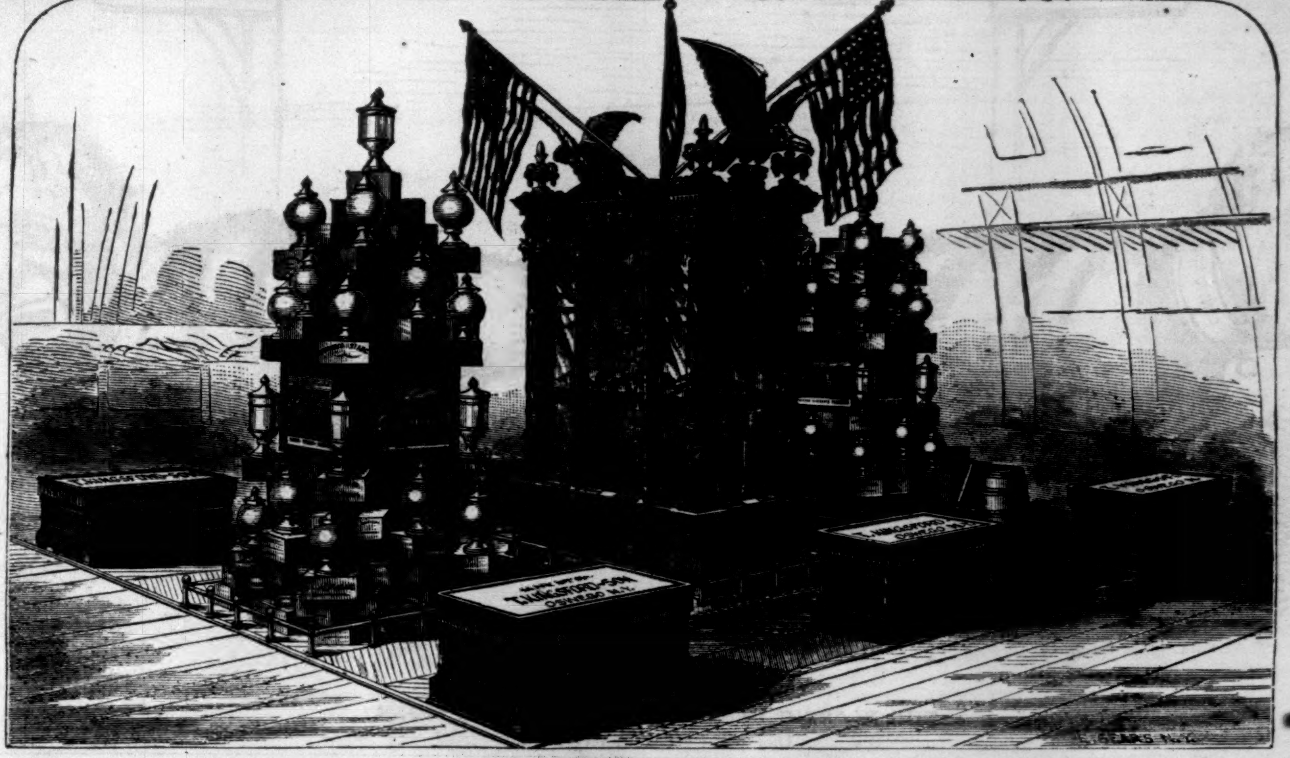

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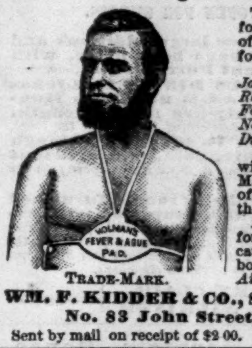

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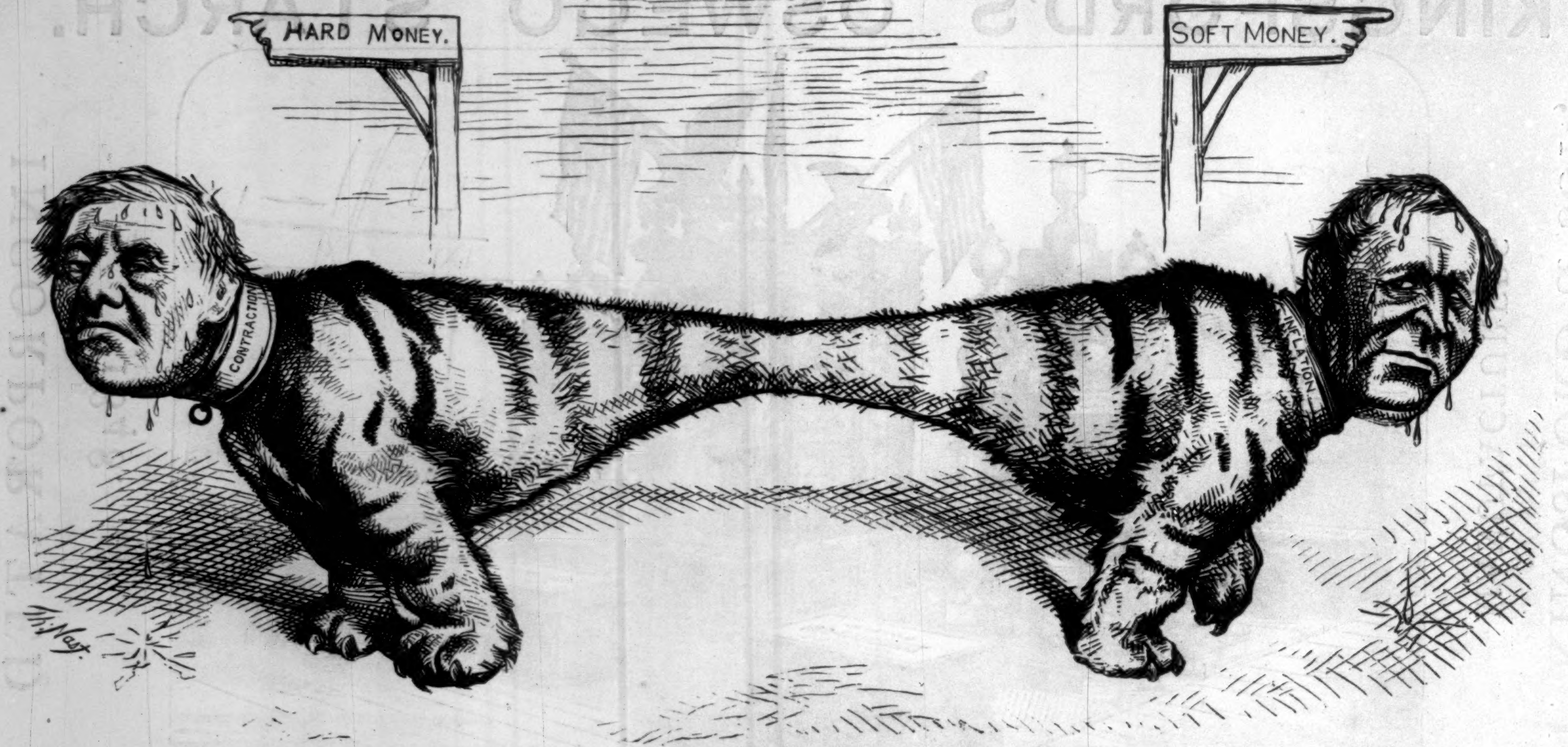

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"HAY-MAKING."—From a Painting by Lionel Smyth.—[See Next Page.]

"THE SOLE SURVIVOR."—[F A PAINT

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Our illustration on the preceding page shows a couple of English maidens busily engaged in turning hay. We can catch an idea of the "simple beauty and rustic health" that glow under the flapping wings of the sun-bonnets; but it is impossible to repress a feeling that the artist has been untrue to all the poetic and artistic traditions of hay-making. We have a pair of maidens instead of a pair of lovers; and although such an arrangement may lead to much greater industry on the part of the workers, nevertheless there must exist a sense of disappointment because we can detect no visible representative of the race of

> "Bonnie Jockie, blithe and gay,
> Wha kissed sweet Jeannie making hay."

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The above illustration suggests a touching story of shipwreck and disaster. Among the whole number of crew and passengers that trod the decks of the gallant vessel destroyed by the fury of wind and wave, the hardy wreckers have been able to rescue only one infant life. Nameless and friendless, the poor little waif has been carried ashore, where it will have only the rough kindness of the humble fisher wives to replace the love and tenderness of those from whom the storm has separated the little one forever.

Among the many useful devices for saving life that have been invented from time to time, no two have ever been more thoroughly successful than that triumph of naval architecture, the life-boat, and the yet more ingenious marine vehicle known as the life-car. The former is thoroughly English in its origin, while the honor of inventing the latter belongs to one of our own countrymen, named Joseph Francis. So far as the original life-boat is concerned, there may still be seen in the church-yard of Hythe, Kent, England, a tombstone which testifies that a certain "Lionel Lukin was the first who built a Life-boat, and was the original inventor of that quality of safety, by which many lives and much property have been preserved from Shipwreck, and he obtained for it the King's patent in the year 1785." But that there may exist differences of opinion even among tombstones is established by the fact that in the parish church of St. Hilda's, South Shields, there is a slab "Sacred to the Memory of William Wouldhave, who died ember 28, 1 70 years, Clerk of this rch, and In that invaluable blessi mankind, boat." Besides these licting tomb also happens that Mr. H Greathead, boat-builder at South S s, has been erally credited with d ng and buil first life-boat about the 1789. Thus at once three well-auth ated invento "invaluable blessing." fact seems t Mr. Lionel Lukin, a c builder in Lo London, had designed fitted out a saving life in cases of reck, which an "unimmergible bo me four or f before Greathead br forward his a life-boat, and that i 9, from plans to a certain committee h had propos miums for the best m of a life-boa were two selected, o Mr. William have, and the other Henry Gre the preference having given to the

a Painting by C. J. Staniland.]

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given to the latter.

In the year 1789, before the attention of the public had been fully awakened to the necessity of life-boats, a vessel from Newcastle, called the *Adventure*, was wrecked at the mouth of the Tyne; and while the ship lay stranded on the Herd Sand, at the entrance of the river, in the midst of tremendous breakers, her crew "dropped off one by one from the rigging," only three hundred yards from the shore, and in the presence of thousands of spectators, not one of whom could be induced to venture to her assistance in any boat of the ordinary construction. It is no wonder that premiums were offered for the invention of a life-boat, and that Mr. Greathead, whose plan was accepted, received orders to commence building them. At the commencement of the year 1802 two hundred lives had been saved by life-boats at the entrance of the Tyne alone, and Mr. Greathead applied to Parliament for a reward. A committee of the House of Commons having reported on the value of the invention, the sum of $6000 was voted him.

Before the invention of the life-car, which ranks only second in life-saving utility to the life-boat, rough substitutes were used, which demonstrated at once the value of such a construction. When a ship was grounded near the shore, and at the mercy of the gale, the crew would throw overboard a cask to which a line was attached. As it neared the shore the wreckers seized it, and thus communication was established with the vessel. After this a hardy sailor from the ship or life-boat man from the shore would make his way along the line in a cat-like manner, dragging a second line with him. To this was attached a strong basket or box, or any like article that could be had on ship or shore. Provided with lines by which it could be drawn back and forth, this rude contrivance would sometimes convey its human freight from peril to safety so that not a life was lost. Seizing upon the idea thus suggested, the inventive genius of Mr. Francis designed the life-car at present in use.

There are said to be between four and five thousand men in the United States engaged in the wrecking business, but it is difficult to ascertain the exact number. The great mass of the wreckers in our country live on the most dangerous parts of the sea-coast, a large majority being located on the Atlantic. The Maine and Massachusetts coasts, interspersed and broken by numerous islands, are favorite resorts. There is a large colony of them on Nantucket Island, the region of Martha's Vineyard Sound being one of the most dangerous on the coast. The wreckers' huts, half buried in the sand, may be seen at Barnegat and along the numberless other inlets of New Jersey in a profusion which clearly indicates the dangerous character of that coast. Indeed, the whole coast of the so-called "pocket" formed by Long Island, New York, and New Jersey is well peopled with wreckers, who know that it is one of the most dangerous localities on the sea-board. Key West is also a favorite locality, and a large fleet of wreckers' crafts may always be found cruising among the dangerous reefs of that region.

The life-boat stations are scattered along the coast, each being numbered. They are generally but not always near a light-house or settlement of wreckers, and one of these, or some coast farmer, or the light-keeper, is supposed to have the boat and car and rocket apparatus in charge. Each station-house contains besides the life-car and life-boat a sufficiency of kindling wood or pine knots to build a fire in an emergency, rockets to be fired as signals to assemble crews, some rough clothing, medicines, and other articles that may be needed. The boat and car are usually mounted on wheels, in order to be carried to different parts of the coast. The arrangements for communication are such that the organized companies at a distance can act, as far as saving property is concerned, almost if not quite as soon as the wreckers who are living close upon the very scene of disaster.